Vol. CXXVI No. 1639

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, May 15, 1935

No. 1639. Vol. CXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Vandamm, New York

JEANNE AUBERT

This attractive little French actress-singer is the latest addition to Mr. Cochran's list of leading ladies, for she is now rehearsing in "Anything Goes," the new Cole Porter show, with Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard as co-stars. Jeanne Aubert has appeared in London before, but not on the stage; she sang in cabaret at the Monseigneur in the days before it turned into a news-theatre, and was a great success during her four weeks there. She was originally booked for lead in "Gay Masquerade," the Hungarian musical play now at Princes, but something went wrong and she set off for Spain for a holiday. Mr. Cochran sent his scouts chasing after her and found her in Barcelona, whence last week she flew hastily back to London

Above : the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the latter looking lovely in her tiara and shining silver dress with its coloured sash, were at the Empire Ball last week in aid of the Rebuilding Fund of St. George's Hospital. This was their first public appearance at an evening entertainment since their return to England

There Were Sixteen Hundred People, and

Here are Mrs. Antony Acton, the Hon. Mrs. Gustavus Hamilton-Dufferin and Ava, Lady Harcourt, and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset ing to receive the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Mrs. Somerset ised the Young Committee, who brought a party of seventy

Grand Scale Entertainments

Jubilee Week Dances In Aid of This and That

Lady Winchilsea, who took a party to the Empire Ball, was one of the few hostesses with no tiara

Below : Sir Gifford and Lady Fox were at the Big Ben Ball, which took place just before the Jubilee at Grosvenor House. Lady Fox's mother, Lady Eltisley, was the Chairman of the Ball, which was an enormous affair

This Was at the Big

Lord and Lady Brocket

a Very Good-Looking Committee, at the Empire Ball

Russell, Lady Maxwell Maxwell organ- to the Ball wait-

Lady Harcourt, who was a member of the Committee, went round the supper-tables selling tickets for a diamond clasp that had been presented. She is one of the women whom a tiara suits amazingly well

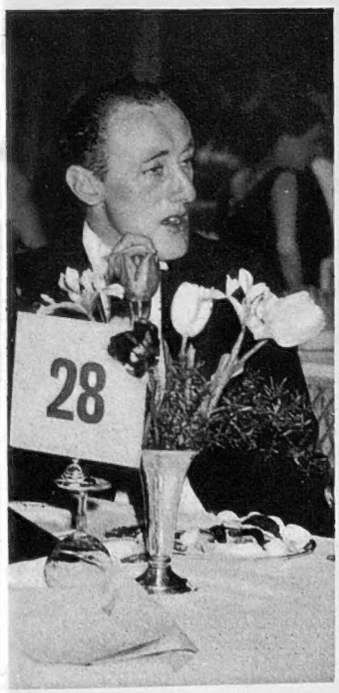
Sir Harold Snagge is with Miss Tancred. He and his wife took a party to the Empire Ball at Grosvenor House

for Charity

Below: another photograph, at the Second Big Ben Ball, of Lady Georgiana Curzon, whose mother was one of the patrons, and Mr. Tommy Weldon. The Ball was in aid of the Conservative and Unionist Films Association

The Silver Ball

Miss Jasmine Bligh and Sir Charles Mappin were two of some 1100 people at the Silver Ball, which was in aid of the British Homeopathic Association



Ben Ball

Right: The British-American Ball

Mrs. Robert Bingham, the American Ambassador's wife, talking to Lady Reading at the British-American Jubilee Ball, which the English-Speaking Union organised

Wheeler

Motoring Is in the Family

Engaged

Viscount Curzon and Miss Priscilla Weigall

Bertram Park

Viscount Curzon, Earl and Countess Howe's only son, and Miss Priscilla Weigall, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's only child, announced their engagement last week. Lord Curzon, who was in the R.N.V.R., is nearly twenty-seven. Priscilla Weigall, who is one of the most attractive and popular of the ex-debs of three years ago, is twenty-one this year. She and her mother are both hard workers for charitable causes, and figure on the patrons' or committee list of most important in-aid-of dances. Lady Weigall is the late Sir John Blundell Maple's only daughter, and inherited his fortune, to which her daughter is now heiress. The Weigalls own Englemere, at Ascot, where their parties are famous

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 102

Conchita Supervia

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

CONCHITA SUPERVIA (accent on the last two syllables) has bright red ringlets, orange eyes, which become round at the slightest provocation, and a magnificent repertoire of long English words, like "gymnastically," "articulation," and "interrogative." During the season, though, she talks very little. She takes her singing with extreme earnestness—why, she wouldn't let me smoke a cigarette twenty-eight hours by the clock before she was going to sing at Covent Garden. She is plump, but not fat, merry, dimpled, and crazy about bull-fighting. ("You don't *know* the sacrifice I make, living here in London, when I might be at a corrida.")

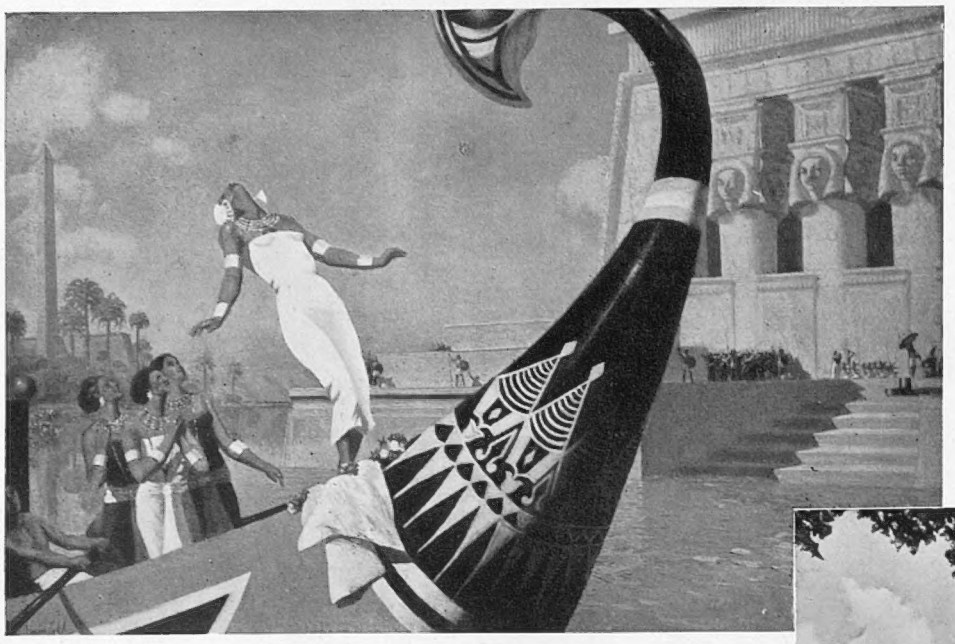
IN private life she is the wife of Ben Rubenstein, who grows in Sussex all the orchids we buy in Bond Street and Piccadilly. ("As a Spanish wild woman I liked flowers for smell, not for the eyes—but now it is different.") She hates gambling ("I become an ashamed bourgeoise when I think what I might be buying with the money"). She was born in Barcelona, but is very proud of now being a British subject. She keeps on a careful diet ("It is not like old times, when singers only had to sing. Who-it-is on the stage must now look nice"). She rides a lot, swims a little, and plays a spot of tennis ("And all the stupid things people do, to move a bit"). She is a most perfect teetotaller ("I do not drink even to wish myself luck"); very superstitious about the ill-luck of love-birds and the good luck of silver tortoises; and admits to being occasionally temperamental. ("Look here, all singers are a little crazy, twisting our nerves to sing a magnificent C with a smile.")

As a singer she is superb, but will have nothing to do with "Old Verdi" or anyone else who does not thrill her. Consequently, her repertoire is limited. At the beginning of her career she used to specialise in *Mignon*. But, becoming more grown-up, she became rapidly bored with the rôle—("This silly part, crying all night and repeating unrequested every aria you can think"). To-day, her favourite composers are Rossini and Mozart.

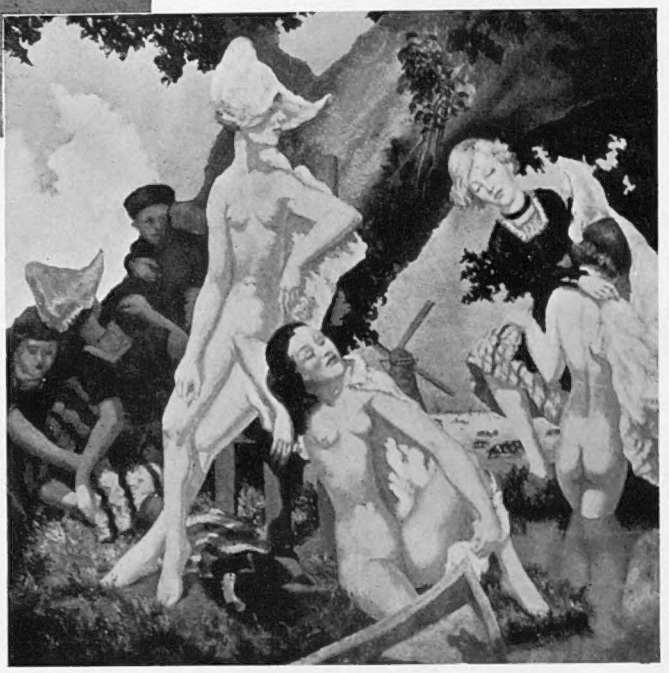
Sometimes, when she is thinking, she sucks her thumb or puts out her tongue. But all the time her eyes dilate or contract. They never stay still, and as for her side-glances, they are terrific.

London and Paris

Pictures From the Academy and Salon Contrasted

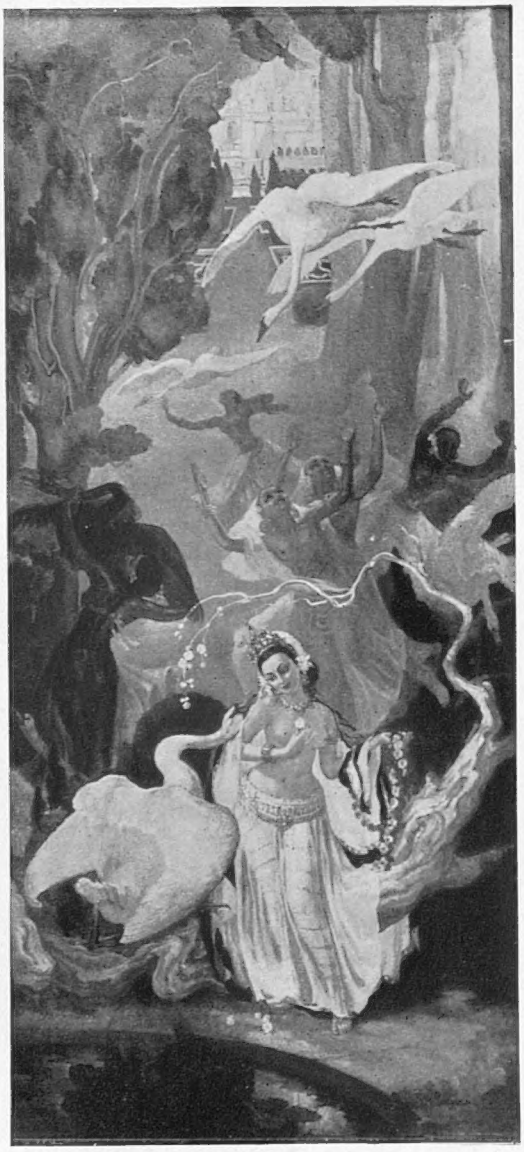


"Vierge du Nil"
By Amin Sobh



"Souvenir de Hollande"
By de Villeneuve-Allix

THE longer that they exist, the closer the view-points of the Academy and Salon seem to become. It was not always thus. Looking at the pictures here reproduced, it would be difficult to say off-hand which were hung on the walls of London and which in Paris, though one might guess that "Side-show" was in the Salon and "Vierge du Nil," with its resemblance to the works of the late Edwin Long, R.A., in the Academy. Both guesses would be wrong



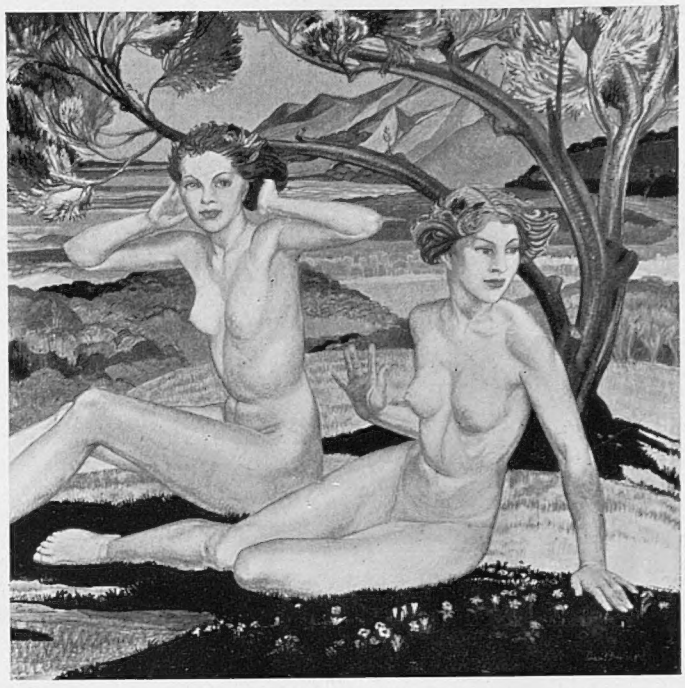
"Légende Hindoue"
By S. R. Lagneau

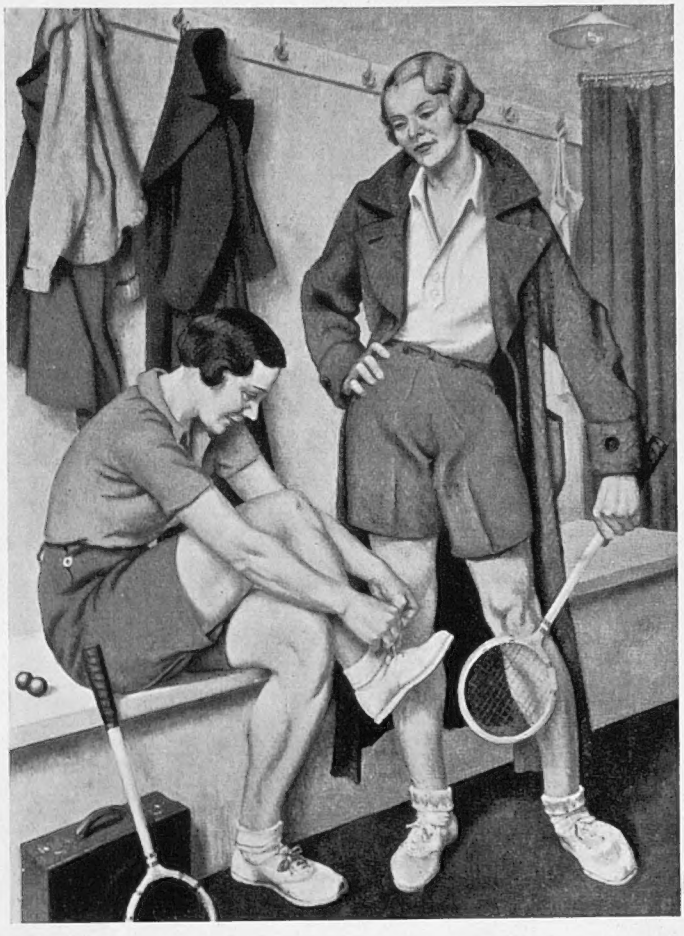
"La Troupe." *By Emile Domergue*

"Side

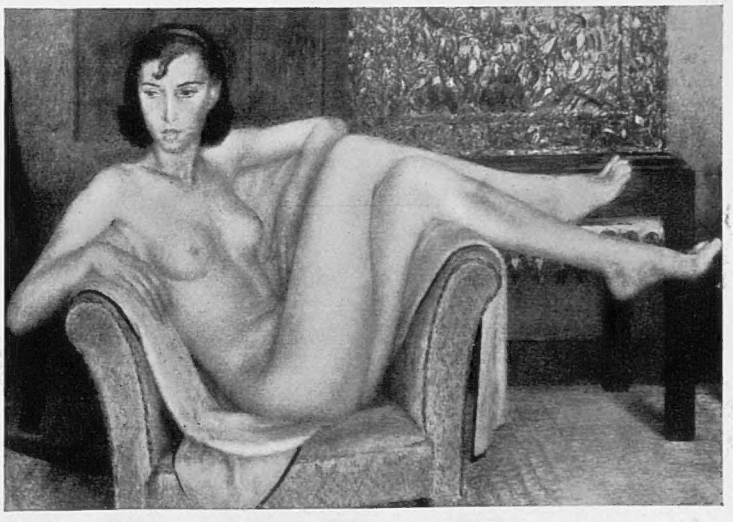
Friendly Rivals in Art

Right: *"Echo."* *By Averil Burleigh*



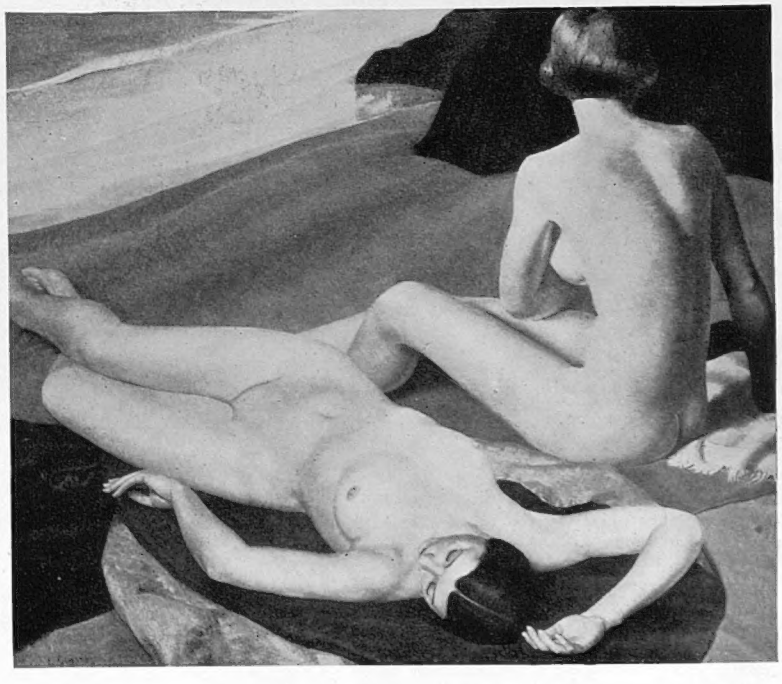


"The Squash Players." *By Veronica Burleigh*



"Girl in a Chair"
By Dod Proctor, A.R.A.

Show." *By James Fitton*



"Sun-bathers." *By L. M. Glasson*

Left:
Marlene Dietrich in "The Devil Is a Woman"

Below:
Anna Sten in "The Brothers Karamazov"

Glamour Is Their Secret

Two Women Who Have That Strange, Elusive Quality

LONDON is rich in worth-seeing films just now, with the Bergner in one, Emil Jannings in another, and the Laughton-Hardwicke-March combination in a third. Since last week the two most truly glamorous women on the screen are here as well—Marlene Dietrich, in the much-publicised *The Devil Is a Woman*, at the Plaza, and Anna Sten, in a German film of Dostoievsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*, with Fritz Kortner and Fritz Rasp. This was her first important part, and it was her fine acting as Grushenska that made her path clear to Hollywood. The film was made in Germany some years ago, and has only now been granted a licence by the L.C.C., to be shown at the Academy, after twice being refused a certificate by the Censor

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

WE were, to our utter amazement, wrong when we said the other week there wasn't a man in London to-day who could tame wild dowagers as Beau Nash tamed them at Bath. Beau Beecham, Dictator of Covent Garden, has had them eating out of his hand this Jubilee season. On the second night, and others following, the extraordinary spectacle was seen of dowagers leaping madly out of their cars, scudding into Covent Garden like hunted rabbits, taking the stairs two at a time, holding their tiaras on with one hand, and bumping into their seats, panting, distraught, and terrified at being nearly locked out for the first act. Among them were dowagers so powerful, so petulant, so overbearing, so appalling to mankind that one would have thought the Devil himself could not bend their pride. If you ask us, the supernatural *has* something to do with this business. Such power isn't given a man for nothing.

We're thinking, naturally, of Dr. Faustus.

There's an old French proverb to the effect that whenever a Gascon makes a pact with the Devil, the Devil gets the worst of it; and if our theory has anything in it, we'd certainly like to be there when the Devil calls for Sir Thomas, only to reel back shattered by a broadside of the well-known Beecham verve and raillery. We can see him now (the Devil, we mean)—a resplendent, rather dazed, rather vulgar figure, in flashily-cut evening clothes, with a huge gardenia and a too-glossy topper, limping away down Bow Street as in a dream, mumbling soundlessly and trying to think of a retort to Sir Thomas's last one.

He isn't used to it (the Devil, we mean). They treat him as a personage in the City.

We Were Amused

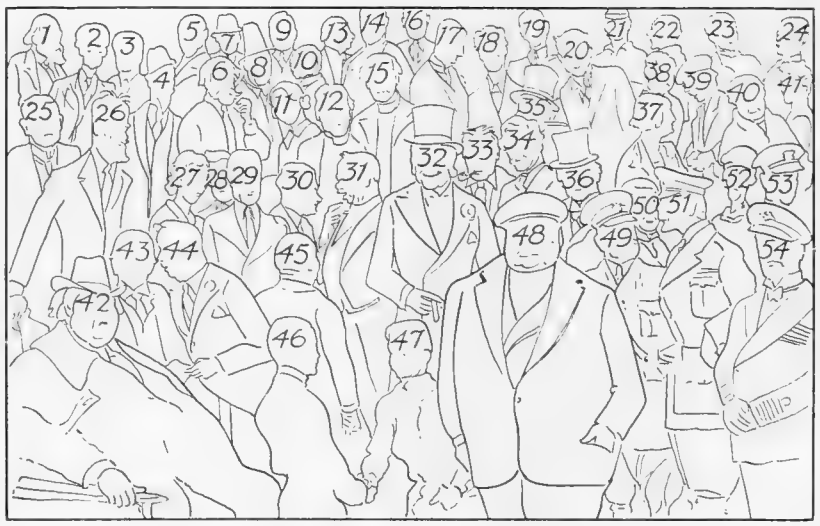
TALKING of Covent Garden, we were there on the opening night, stiff and stoical in our starchiest bib, watching the Valkyries rocking and whooping on their wild, wooden steeds, while the vast orchestra went raging mad, and Sir Thomas stabbed the empyrean with his wand, and the whole world shook to the uproar; and we thought, as we have so often thought before, that Wagner is a bit of a noisy old bore, that grand opera is the most cock-eyed art-convention known to man—did you ever read any of the libretti in cold blood?—and that the only two operas whose plots are not a weariness to the flesh are *Der Rosenkavalier*, words by Hugo von Hoffmansthal, and *L'Heure Espagnole*, words by Franc-Nohain.

We wish, incidentally, they'd revive this exquisite, naughty little lark of Ravel's at Covent Garden instead of the dreary eternal *Lohengrins* and *Traviatas*. Do you remember the ravishing Habanera at the end, with the aged Sevillan clockmaker's gay young wife propounding, with her three lovers, the moral (if you can call it that) that there comes a moment when the muleteer is the "seul amant efficace"? We remember glancing at the dowagers round us at the first production. They were lapping it up. Desiccated or defying Time, derelict or still gallantly flying the old Edwardian flags, those imposing girls were eating it with such zest that their diamond earrings rang.

Bogey'll Get You!

REPORTING a recent visit to Corsica by members of a Franco-British touring association, a dignified London daily's correspondent remarked, rather archly, that it was perhaps excusable that, on arrival at Calvi, the tourists of either nationality should look everywhere for signs of a vendetta, and see a bandit in every swarthy but honest innkeeper. This is natural in any kind of tourist, but the boy missed a further, and most endearing, point about our own countrymen, which is that lean, dark, fierce, foreign faces, especially if unshaven, not only perturb but terrify them. (Hence, as an acknowledged authority has pointed out, the large percentage of English desertions from the Foreign Legion.)

Many travellers corroborate this truth. If you set a round, pink, smooth Nordic face side by side with a dark, lean, bristly Latin face, and ask the average Englishman which is the saint's and which the brigand's, he will tell you immediately. Yet the pure, pink face may belong (and probably does) to some quite ruthless bandit of the City, and a saint may shave only once a week. Another thing which scares the English (now we're on the topic) is those terrifying, long, pointed hoods with eye-slits, worn in Tuscany by the Brothers of the Misericordia, who bury the dead, and in Seville and Avignon and we forget where else, by



The key to the coloured plate on pp. 292-293

1. Sir Oliver Lodge
2. Aldous Huxley
3. Lord Horder
4. Montagu Norman
5. Lord Moyniham
6. Augustus John
7. Sir Alan Cobham
8. Sir William Orpen
9. Lord Duveen
10. Sir John Lavery
11. Dame Laura Knight
12. The Bishop of London
13. Sir Landon Ronald
14. Sir Thomas Beecham
15. The Archbishop of Canterbury
16. Sir John Reith
17. Neville Chamberlain
18. Lord Balfour
19. A. Bonar Law
20. Lord Cecil
21. J. B. Hobbs
22. W. W. Wakefield
23. Sir Herbert Tree
24. John Galsworthy
25. Rudyard Kipling
26. George Bernard Shaw
27. Amy Mollison
28. J. A. Mollison
29. Sir Malcolm Campbell
30. Lord Nuffield
31. J. H. Thomas
32. Lord Lonsdale
33. Stanley Baldwin
34. Ramsay MacDonald
35. Lord Birkenhead
36. Earl of Oxford and Asquith
37. Dame Sybil Thorndike
38. George Robey
39. Sir Harry Lauder
40. Dame Madge Kendal
41. Marie Tempest
42. G. K. Chesterton
43. Sir James Barrie
44. H. G. Wells
45. Sir Harry Preston
46. Steve Donoghue
47. Gordon Richards
48. Lord Derby
49. Earl of Ypres
50. D. Lloyd George
51. Earl Haig
52. Countess of Oxford and Asquith
53. Earl Jellicoe
54. Earl Beatty

various pious confraternities on occasion. We 've seen a hearty purple major from Cheltenham thrown into the jitters by this spectacle, and have to be revived with tea and scones at Ye Cosie Scotche Tea-Shoppe, off the Corso.

It 's all pretty disturbing.

Ye Olde Merrie-Merrie

OUR favourite gossip-girl remarked in print the other day that " The Elizabethan spirit of making merry in honour of the Sovereign is sweeping Mayfair. May is to be a joyous month—in the sixteenth-century manner ! " Whoever the gentleman friend was who gave la très-gente Marianne this interesting sidelight on English history, we don't think we 'd ever go to him for any really vital information. He sounds to us woundily like a gentleman who writes for encyclopædias. Show us somebody who instinctively connects the word " merry " (pronounced " merrie ") with the Elizabethans, and we 'll tell you all the news about him that 's fit to print, including several footnotes on fish.

Meanwhile, our public-spirited efforts to have debs thrown, instead of flowers, at guests at the Dorchester next month seem likely, after all, to rouse Our Dumb Friends' League to action. A sympathiser tells us they 'll probably make a fuss about this bit of merrie-merrie unless the debs are attached to strong elastic, enabling them to be automatically catapulted back to the base if rejected by their targets. The chief objection to this, in our opinion, is that certain gay old satyrs we know would infallibly keep whanging them to and fro for the fun of it, which is hardly the idea of having them there. The idea of having the debs there is a severely practical one, as everybody knows, and mere romping and horse-play, even if innocent, must be barred. For once we are serious.

" Here 's a little line called ' Hot Dog ' "

" There must be some mistake, Professor ; this doesn't look like the stratosphere "

Mystic

WE never thought to find the old Rosicrucian rumble-bumble bobbing up again in this age, but a Californian seer, Mr. Clement Le Brun, D.C., F.R.C., Grand Master of the Mystic Rosicrucians of the North American Jurisdiction—try that on your oboe—thinks we should have ourselves initiated by secret methods into AMORC, " the high ideas of the Great School of the Great White Brotherhood." Grand Master Le Brun's photograph presents a smart, clean-shaven, business-like gentleman in lounge suit, buttonhole, and rimless pince-nez. We 've always preferred our yogis, swamis, illuminates and seers a bit more Oriental and mysterious ; esoterically robed, hairy, piercing of eye, and ascetic of feature, with a long, long beard. You can't have everything.

How the New Rosicrucianism squares with the older brand, which was (correct us if wrong) an eighteenth-century racket, isn't clear from the prospectus, which is impressive but vague. Anyway, the Grand Master offers its gifts only to " the pure in heart and the deserving," their intrinsic value having been preserved by " careful protection from the sordid and completely selfish minds." But when we found him assuming calmly—and how rashly !—that mankind in general has up to now been groaning as one man under the Calvinist yoke, that immediately let us out. It doesn't seem to us that the Grand Master of the Mystic Rosicrucians knows much about the great, big, busy world around him, and consequently we aren't writing for the book of words.

The sun-kissed soil of California ! What curious fruits it yields !

Little Brother, Keep Calm

WE missed it ourselves, but somebody has sent us a piece by one of the leading sporting journalists about the West Bromwich Albion team's dinner in London on the night of their Cup Final defeat. The boy was struck dithyrambic by the magnificent behaviour of the beaten team, who apparently dined

calmly and even with stoical smiles. "The Albion spirit! Modest in victory, smiling in defeat! Just playing the game!" Whereas, a visitor from Mars might gather, the normal thing would have been for the West Bromwich team to smash up all the plates and dishes first of all, weeping with fury and shame, afterwards rolling on the carpet, biting the air, screaming curses and slanders on the victors, and begging Heaven to punish them, and finally retiring to their rooms as one man and shooting themselves dead. If this is not the normal procedure, why the guff? Why the rain of bouquets, little brother?

It seems to us a typical example of the comic sense of values prevailing today in Fleet Street, thus to go into ecstasies over the fact that eleven husky professional gladiators took a whopping in the football field without squealing. Or is it that our standards of sportsmanship have been so debased in recent times by hysterical lawn tennis stars and nervy boxers and whining cricketers that it really does come as a surprise to find a sportsman occasionally behaving like one?

Don't trouble to answer. We don't really want to know your views. We're British to the backbone ourselves, our people (who are County) have always kept a dashed stiff upper lip, and, in addition, we do not choose to make a scene before the memsahibs. But, by gad, you should see us gnawing our trim blonde moustache at this moment.

"Now tell 'em the one about the commercial traveller"

Hon. Ignoble Exercise

A MR. TAN, of Shanghai, has just won a trophy in the first all-Chinese golf tournament, which doesn't seem so odd and amusing to us as it apparently does to some people. Why shouldn't a Chinese be able to hit a little white ball as well as anybody? The Japanese do, sometimes.

We used to know some Japanese golfers. They engaged in markedly grave, subtle, and cautious foursomes, involving long silences and impassive self-communion, especially on the green. Their courtesy to plus-two stockbrokers who hustled through them with a bark, red and embittered, was quite exquisite. They imparted—especially if you were champing behind them—a flavour of age-old calm to a rather undignified business, and some of their attitudes so recalled the last stand of the Samurai that we shouldn't have been very surprised if, after fluffing his drive, one of them had retired behind a tree with one of the mats and stoically performed the Happy Despatch. But their reaction to golf, on the whole, seemed to be that of very well-bred persons indulging in a rather childish romp out of politeness towards an honoured host—and, when you come to think of it, that's not a bad attitude to take towards what is surely a very unworthy form of amusement. Our own handicap, other than simple-mindedness, is 16.

"Now, come, come, General. Just a little pin-prick"

Revolt in the Farmyard

ELLEN (*Spanish Journey*) WILKINSON wrote an interesting article and/or panegyric on Bloomsbury and its intelligentsia the other day, but omitted to mention a class of Bloomsbury inhabitant which suffers a great deal of contumely and ostracism from the majority, to our knowledge. They are the people who are frankly bored to death with having regularly to share beds with other people's wives after all-night parties, according to the strict Bloomsbury convention. For rebelling or even complaining about this social corvée, they are treated by the intelligentsia with bitter scorn and labelled "bourgeois." Very often their wives indignantly leave them, for this reason alone. It is heart-breaking.

THE BYSTANDERS.

The Unexpected Isles are Reached

The Rev. Phosphor Hammingtap (Romney Brent), whose father was a biological chemist, and who brought up the infant on phosphates and nitrogen, was kidnapped by pirates from Weston-super-Mare and carried off to the Unexpected Isles. He is seen above at the doorstep of the residence of Pra, the priest, and his wife, Prola, the priestess, a part played by Nazimova

That some of the inhabitants of the Unexpected Isles are undoubtedly attractive is obvious from the picture above, where the Rev. Phosphor Hammingtap (Romney Brent) is seen sitting centre. The parson's nickname is "Iddy"—short for Idiot—one of "G. B. S.'s" witty digs at the Established Church

Alla Nazimova, the Russian Actress, in the Character of the High Priestess, Prola

Shaw's Latest Problem

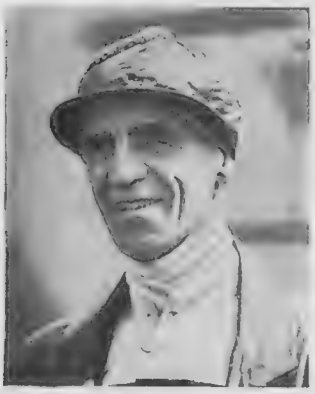
Pictures from the New York Production of *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*

Photographs by Vandamm, New York

BERNARD SHAW'S new play, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, achieved but a six-weeks' run in New York, which may be due to the fact that the theme verges on the eccentric, and that there is more talk than action, despite the fact that in the play the dramatist annihilates most of mankind, starting with the members of the British Empire as being most worthless. The Recording Angel is one of the characters in this play, which, already seen in Berlin as well as New York, will first be staged here at the Malvern Festival

The late Lord Marcus Beresford

Weathervane, the King's Colt, Winning the Hunt Cup at Ascot in 1923



Joe Childs

Mr. W. Jarvis

H. M. the King on the Turf

His Trainers, His Jockeys and His Horses

By Quintin Gilbey

WHEN his Majesty ascended the throne there was no little concern in racing circles as to whether he would continue to race on the same scale as his late father. The new King, being a sailor, had had little time to devote to racing, and had previously evinced little interest in the sport his father loved so well.

ON his accession to the throne, however, his Majesty soon set our minds at rest by stating that everything should continue as in the days of King Edward, and that the same personnel should remain.

ALTHOUGH his Majesty's interest in the Turf was of a lukewarm nature at the start, the more he went racing the keener he became, and nowadays there is nothing he enjoys more, especially at Newmarket, where his visits are strictly informal, and he walks about in the paddock like any ordinary member of the public.

IT is unnecessary to say that his Majesty's colours—purple, scarlet sleeves and black cap—are the most popular in the world, and a victory of any of his horses is invariably received by loud cheering and hats are removed. After a royal victory you will see everyone walking around with that satisfied expression on their faces which is usually reserved for those who have backed a winner.

LOOKING back over the twenty-five years of his reign, the uninitiated might consider that his Majesty had hardly met with the success one would have expected. It must be remembered, though, that the King's purse is limited, and does not run to extensive buying at the yearling sales, and he relies, for the most part, on the produce of the mares at his Sandringham stud.

WHEN his Majesty succeeded to the throne, that great trainer, Richard Marsh, was the royal trainer; Bert Jones was the stable jockey; and Lord Marcus Beresford acted as manager.

MARSH had trained for the late King since 1890, and he retired in 1924, being succeeded by Willie Jarvis, who, in addition to the King's horses, also trains those of Lord Harewood.

RIGHT up to the time of his death, however, Marsh retained his devotion for the royal household, and he would invariably stand waiting for his Majesty to pass on his way back to London after Newmarket, and the King never failed to wave to him.

DURING the last year of his life Marsh was a very sick man, and at one meeting, when the weather was very bad, his Majesty, ever thoughtful, wrote a note requesting Marsh not to be at his accustomed post; but the stalwart old man would not be denied.

HIS MAJESTY has never forgotten how much both he and King Edward owed to the skilful training of Dick Marsh, and when he congratulated the Maharaja of Rajpipla on the victory of Windsor Lad in last year's Derby, he told him how delighted he was that the horse had been trained by the son of his old trainer.

LORD MARCUS BERESFORD was one of the greatest characters in the history of the Turf. A rare judge of a horse, and a great wit, many of his sayings have become classics. At his death he was succeeded by Major Featherstonhaugh, a very fine judge of racing and all pertaining to it. The King's present manager is Brig.-General "Mouse" Tompkinson, a man of great experience, and one of the most charming and popular men on the Turf.

SOME of the most agonising moments any of us have experienced on a racecourse occurred at the start of the race for the One Thousand Guineas in 1928. As she was entitled to do by reason of her facile success in the Brandon Handicap at the previous meeting, his Majesty the King's filly, Scuttle, went to post a hot favourite, but when she got there she behaved just as badly as any filly could behave.

IMAGINE the situation. After eighteen long years his Majesty had a

(*Continued on page* viii)

H.M. King George V. at Epsom Races

Below: Brigadier-General Tompkinson, the King's Racing Manager

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Foreign Folk:

The gipsy singer, Militza Hajos (Mary Ellis), who became a Queen, and the English inventor, Anthony Allen (Ivor Novello), who became a Ruritanian patriot, and, after one glamorous night in the gipsy encampment, said good-bye

"Glamorous Night" (Drury Lane)

IVOR NOVELLO has performed, with uncanny cleverness, the difficult feat of making a play to fit Drury Lane Theatre. *Glamorous Night* was devised, written, and composed by him, and no one could be better fitted for the job, because this young author-composer-actor (he plays his own hero) knows by instinct what the public wants, and he 's given it to them with almost over-generous measure. Highbrow authors whose work is sometimes produced on one Sunday evening, listened to in disrespectful silence, and then never heard of again, may pettishly suggest that the whole thing is punk. It may be so, but it is inspired punk, and it is given to few to write it. After all, it is no mean feat to give pleasure to hundreds of thousands of playgoers, as *Glamorous Night* will assuredly do.

AND why will it please? Well, this sort of Zenda-ish story never yet failed to do so when told skilfully and dramatically, and it gives opportunities for the most lavish display. Drury Lane Theatre productions should be the dramatic rival to the super-film, and in *Glamorous Night* the film has been beaten at its own game. Thanks to Oliver Messel's décor, the dances arranged by Ralph Reader, Alick Johnstone's scenery, and the production of Leontine Sagen, some of the stage pictures are as beautiful as anything ever seen anywhere. "Outside the Opera House," "The Gipsy Wedding," and the "Ball-room in the Palace" are triumphs of colour and grouping; while the sinking of a liner adds that touch of sensation beloved at Drury Lane since the time of Gus 'Arris.

And just as author Ivor seems to have forgotten not one single popular theatrical effect in welding his scenes together, so composer Novello's sentimental ballads and duets, martial male choruses, gipsy marches, nigger melodies, and touches of the Viennese, greatly helped by Charles Prentice's orchestration, may be reminiscent, but are likely to be more enjoyed in consequence.

As for the acting and singing, a really fine part of an operatic star who is a king's mistress is played by Mary Ellis with an abandon and verve which is very captivating. Trefor Jones is at hand to do one of the few things that Ivor Novello cannot, and that is to display to advantage an admirable tenor voice. Barry Jones makes so fascinating a king that republics seem entirely out of place. Lyn Harding is a most distinguished villain, while Minnie Rayner revels in the Cockney humour of her part. The chorus work is brilliant. This won't be a case of *Glamorous Night*, but at least four hundred glamorous nights.

Death of a traitor: the villain, Lydyeff (Lyn Harding) meets his end just as he is about to despatch the King (Barry Jones)

English and French Versions

"Tovarich" (Lyric Theatre)

EVEN though there are some people who would ask for more than a grain of salt with which to swallow the story of this play by Jacques Deval, which has been perfectly done into English by Robert Sherwood, and also perfectly produced by Gilbert Miller, yet it can only be the exceedingly captious who could deny that *Tovarich* is extraordinarily good entertainment.

To start with, the adventures of a Russian Prince and Archduchess who have to go into service in Paris in order to keep the wolf from the door are laughter, laughter all the way, but when a Bolshevik Commissar arrives for dinner at the house of a banker where the couple act as butler and maid, and he recognises them as old enemies, laughter gives place to thrill, and this startlingly abrupt transposition is, to put it mildly, somewhat daring construction.

It is only fair to add, however, that the author gets away with it, as he does with his dénouement, when the Prince hands over to the Commissar I don't know how many billion francs, given in trust to him by the last of the Czars to use for Russia's needs.

The argument adduced is that foreign bankers will despoil Russia of valuable oil-wells unless these trust funds save them, and that the Commissar Bolshevik loves his country as much as the Royalists.

With the best will in the world, I doubt if any Russian Prince would trust the Commissar to that extent. A Prince once tortured with a lighted cigarette-end and an Archduchess once raped by that self-same Bolshevik would surely make them doubly shy of lending ear to such patriotic protestations.

But that is a matter for argument, and of little account. What is important is that *Tovarich* is not only brilliant comedy-drama which keeps ones eyes glued to the stage from start to finish, but is acted superbly by a star company. Cedric Hardwicke is the Prince—not a wonderful part, but I know no English actor who could play it half as well. Evelyn Roberts, as the French employer, squeezes every atom of humour out of a very funny character; Allan Aynesworth lends distinction to too small a part; and Francis L. Sullivan, as the Commissar, acted so cleverly that he almost made me overlook the fact that the dénouement might not satisfy everyone. As for a newcomer to London—Eugénie Leontovich—I don't want to make use of superlatives, but her performance of the Archduchess, by no means an actress-proof part, is one which I shall never forget. Anybody with even a rudimentary knowledge of acting must realise that here is an artist of the very first rank. She is the Pavlova of the stage.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Corotchenko (Francis L. Sullivan), life-long enemy, but, in the end, ally for Russia's sake

The Royal Butler—by birth! Cedric Hardwicke as Prince Mikail Alexandrovitch Ouratieff, or—to put it concisely—Michel

Sketches by Rouson

Right: Archduchess Tatiana Petrovna (Eugénie Leontovich), now Tina, a maid, having introduced the kiss-of-reconciliation system to the elderly banker, Charles Dupont (Evelyn Roberts), the latter is only too pleased to apologise for his son's misdemeanours, while the son (John Buckmaster) wonders what it's all about

Something To Write Home About

NICHOLAS WILBERFORCE CARLTON-SMITH
Sat at his desk, for he knew that his kith
And kin were expecting a letter soon,
But the thought of writing it made him swoon.

He put the address in full, but the date
He couldn't remember, so that must wait;
He started "My dear"—but couldn't decide
With which of his parents he would confide,
So added an "s," and hoped they were well,
While secretly wishing them both to Hell.

He whistled a tune and stared aloft,
Chewing his pen till the end went soft;
It wasn't as if he were top of his class
(His position was just the reverse, alas!).
And it's best not to talk about cricket at all
If you've bungled a catch and were out first ball.

On the well-known principle, "When in doubt—"
He wrote a sentence and scratched it out;
For if you remark that it hurts to sit,
They're bound to write back for the crime to fit.
Then he dipped his nib once more in the ink
And wrote on his neighbour's desk, "You stink";
He drew a pig on the class-room wall,
But even these pastimes are apt to pall.

He gazed through the window across the lawn,
And cursed the day that his parents were born;
For certain events are so hard to explain,
And you can't say it's raining again and again.

So he asked how the dogs and the guinea-pigs were,
And sent his best love to the gardener.

He looked across where a new boy sat,
And thought: "What a sight! But he can't help that."
With a sudden burst he scrawled: "Do you see
That we all get a 'hol' for this Jubilee?
So everyone here's full out for the King,
And thinks the idea is a jolly good thing.
Besides, it's much better to wear a crown
Than Mussolini's perpetual frown;
While Hitler sounds a most awful bore
And makes me think of 'Excelsior'
With his 'strange device.' (It's his own affair,
But why on earth can't he brush his hair?)
So I, for one—amongst other things—
Believe that countries should stick to kings,
And you might like to know that, if all else fails,
We've got our shirts on the Prince of Wales."

Nicholas Wilberforce rumpled his head
And gazed with despair on what he had said;
Then he wrote with a flourish: "Your loving son."
And thanked the Lord that the thing was done.

GLENDA SPOONER.

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Left: Mrs. Charles Sweeny's shiny black straw hat is in the eccentricity fashion of this summer which only the nicest-looking people should dare to follow. She was sketched at a pre-Empire Ball cocktail-party

Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Right: Mrs. Roland Robinson was at Lady Illingworth's cocktail-party in connection with the Debutantes' Ball in June. Her sailor hat was in navy straw, with pale-blue trimmings to match her dress

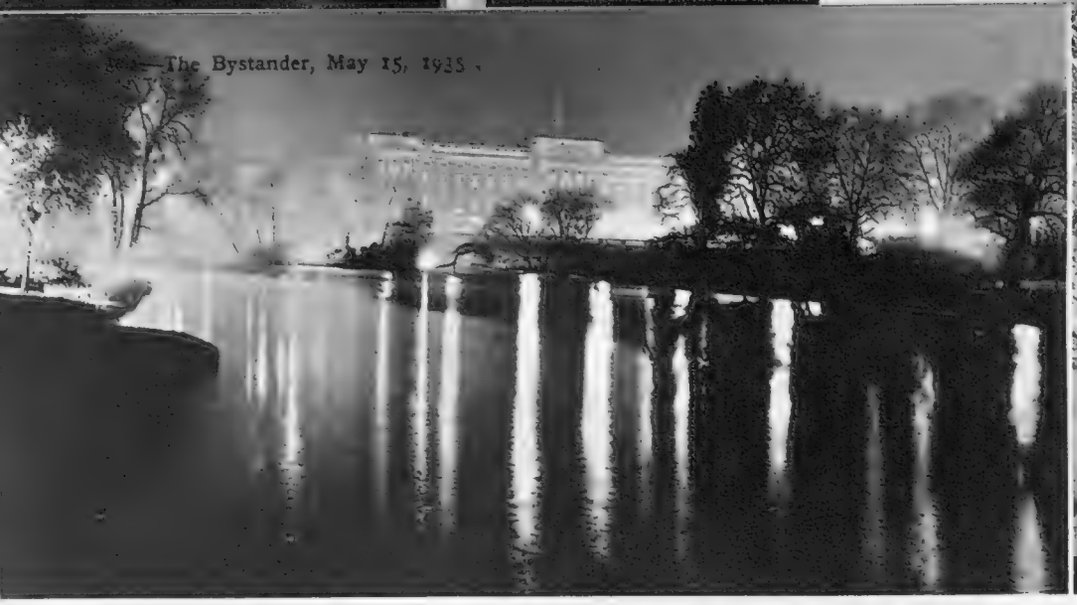
Mrs. Roland Robinson

Lady Illingworth

Lady Illingworth is one of the organisers of the Debutantes' Ball, for which, six weeks before it takes place, already 1200 tickets have been sold. The little toque she wore at her cocktail-party was in scarlet flowers, with a stiff eye-veil

The Hon. Mrs. John Southwell

Looked very charming in her tiara at the Big Ben Ball. She married Lord Southwell's youngest son in 1932, and was Daphne Watson; her father is Sir Geoffrey Watson. She and her husband live in North Audley Street



London Becomes a City of Beautiful Reflections; the St. James's Park Lakes Mirror Buckingham

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THERE are no more sorry people than those who said to themselves: "Oh, we must get away from all the bustle of London in the Jubilee." They returned to find that everyone else had seen one of the most glorious sights of this age, on a day which, for sunlight and warmth, could not have been bettered. And the subsequent ones were very chilly.

THE royal procession, with its pageantry and soldiers—especially the Lancers and Dragoons, in their full-dress uniforms—has been the subject of eulogies from even the most dour-minded of our own countrymen, and as for the prestige which it has given to the nation as regards foreign countries, it is enormous. But there was a universal wish that there had been a few more bands and music in the procession.

JUBILEE night was a second Armistice night, and the next morning the chemists' shops were sold out of pick-me-ups. There were some very pale faces wandering down Bond Street about midday on Tuesday; however, the luncheon interval put most of them on their feet again.

DURING the week there have been levées, balls, and the Prince of Wales's big reception at St. James's Palace for over twelve hundred guests. Queen Marie of Roumania and Donna Antonietta Grandi were two very distinguished-looking visitors, and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston's white gardenias could be measured in yards.

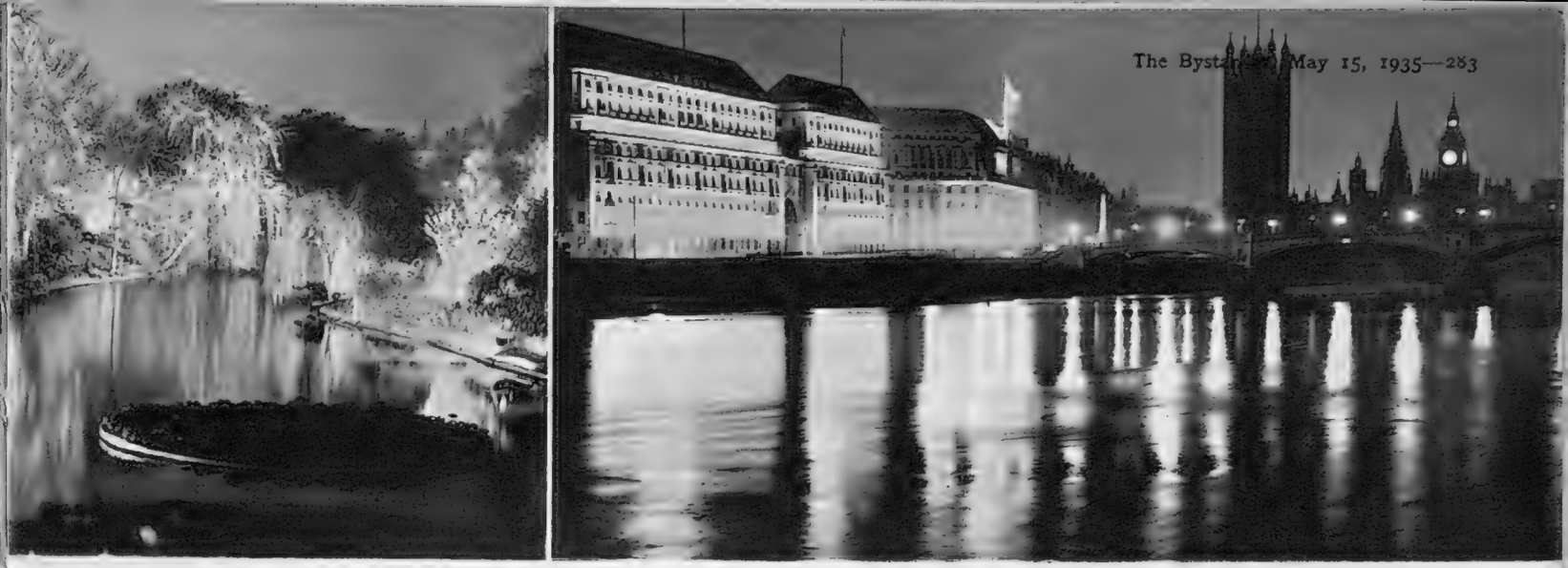
THE Continent has sent a very ornate quota over here for the festivities, but no one more so than Princesse Helene Biron von Courlandes, the daughter of Prince Gustavus Biron von Courlandes. He is one of the richest men in Germany, with four castles (he owned all Lithuania before it was so named), and his very pretty twenty-four-year-old daughter has been over here as the guest of Baron von Hoesch, in the German Embassy, and has been going around London with her aunt, the Marquise de Jancourt (her husband, Marquis Pierre de Jancourt, is one of the "grands sportsmen" in France). Mr. Eddy Eily has also been escorting the Princess, and has been seen with her at the opera.

AT the Italian Embassy this week, there arrive Count Galeazzo Ciano and his wife, who is the daughter of Mussolini. Count Ciano is a big person in Italy: the amount of standing to attention and saluting that goes on when he appears is very impressive. He is head of the whole of the Press and Propaganda Bureau of Italy.

MOST of us have at last recovered from that riot of fun which took place last Monday—the opening of the Royal Academy. Top-hats, tail-coats, and moths all take the air simultaneously, and there is that refreshing smell of camphor as one ascends the imposing steps, to be greeted at the top by ancient, yet dragon-like, officials, who catch you out on any possible point. After you have carried your umbrella, for instance, to the top of the stairs, they will delight to send you all the way down again, to deposit it in the cloak-room, for fear

The Royal Tournament's Final Display of Martial History

The King and Queen Receiving Jubilee



Palace and the Fairyland Willows; the Thames is an Enchanted River of Black and Silver

that you may deliberately prod some of the exhibits. The officers of the Royal Academy of Arts well maintain the sentiments of the laws of the Medes and Persians: very little alters in this archaic institution; progress passes it by. Exhibitors are treated as schoolboys; the venerable committee feels justified in looking upon them as such. However, it allows them a ticket of admission to see their own exhibits, also to the ensuing Academy Autumn Lectures, which should brighten the dark November days considerably for us. The pictures are chosen with that conservative care which has never really been a goad to artists to improve upon the mid-Victorian school, bristling with recumbent lobsters, deceased stags, and wandering sheep.

BUT there are some very good pictures this year, as well as a number which should feature on the covers of magazines, or of a type which our Aunt Polly used to paint on her annual summer trip to Ilfracombe. The portly Viscount, Lord Castlerosse, dominates five galleries in his lordly survey from the walls; I wonder if he ever thought he would be an oil painting? But it is a wonderful work by Richard Sickert. Lloyd George is there, of course; he rarely misses a year. Another interesting study is that of Fred Hoar, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Woolwich Equitable Building Society. I searched in vain for a portrait of Mr. Claude M. Leigh.

AN interesting engagement, which had been rumoured for some time, is that of Miss Priscilla Weigall to Viscount Curzon. Miss Weigall, on attaining her twenty-first birthday, a few weeks ago, became the participant in a very large fortune left to her by her grandfather. For which reason her uncles, "Gerry" and Lewis, were being teased at Lord's, on the grounds that they might receive an allowance from their pretty niece, who is most unspoiled, and quite the nicest of her year.

INFANT prodigies in the musical world are not easy to find, but Miss Mala Brand found one when travelling in Norway, in the person of Marilyn Doty, a violinist. The main point about infant prodigies is whether they will maintain their early promise. This plump, red-haired little Californian girl has played in Oslo to good notices, and last week played very nicely at Mrs. Shipman's house, before such connoisseurs of music as Lady Cunard and Lady Dashwood, who have been having a surfeit of music lately with the opera at Covent Garden.

I WONDER how many of the audience understand what *The Ring* is about? Included among those who really know are Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, the pretty daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador, Lord Carisbrooke, Lady Ullswater, and Mr. Somerville Tattersall. *Lohengrin* has been an immensely popular opera; the new tenor, Torsten Ralf, is a great find; and Hubert Jannssen's singing of the villain, Telramund, has proved that he is probably the greatest artist of the season.

THERE is great excitement about Grace Moore coming over here; the three performances of *La Bohème* are already sold out, I believe. But there is doubt whether her voice is as brilliant as we were led to believe in *One Night of Love*, although in Italian opera one cannot always expect the quality of a Lotte Lehmann combined with the power of a Frida Leider.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

WE think that the Jubilee must have surpassed everybody's expectations. It certainly left us gaping for quite a while. Never in our lives have we seen anything like such splendour, and never has any function been blessed with such a glorious day. However, day turned into night, and night turned everyone raving mad.

Congratulations from the Lords and Commons in Westminster Hall

The Royal Carriage on Its Way to Westminster

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

A Morning Wedding

The Hon. Leo Russell, Lord and Lady Ampthill's youngest son, and Miss Rosemary Wintour, only daughter of the late Capt. Charles Wintour, R.N., and Mrs. Wintour, of Little Trottenden, Goudhurst, Kent, had a quiet morning wedding last week at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Thousands sped round London in motor-cars and taxis, making as much noise as was humanly possible, and waving madly at all and sundry. Sir Robert Throckmorton even forgot to sleep, and walked down Piccadilly in the small hours of the morning. As we sped up Regent Street for the hundredth time, we caught sight of Lady Brougham and Vaux, plus male escort, emerging from the Coconut Grove. Restaurants were full to bursting: the Ritz among those doing a roaring trade. Lord Brougham and Vaux had his fiancée, Miss Jean Follett, with him, and they danced round when space permitted and the opposition wasn't too rough. Mr. Dickie Hirsch, on the other hand, took no risks, and remained seated, well out of the danger zone. We didn't altogether blame him, as he 's not as big as some. Those two attractive sisters, Mrs. Gray Horton and Mrs. Brocas Burrows, both dressed in black, were in a party plus their respective husbands. Sir Robert Horne didn't escape our notice; nor did Miss Frances Day. Sir Gerard and Lady Fiona Fuller registered as much enjoyment as most people; and so did Lady Churston, who was in the same party.

A LARGE party watched the procession from a roof-garden in Piccadilly. This we discovered with the aid of a strong pair of binoculars from our own excellent seats. Among those we managed to pick out were Miss Jeanne Stourton, wearing her glasses, and Lady Veronica Hornby. Mr. James Rutland, back from his cure, was another we distinguished; and Mr. Johnny Dewar couldn't be mistaken.

HAD you been at the Savoy one night not so very long ago, you would have seen an extremely good-looking pair dancing round the floor, of whom one was Mr. Simon Elwes, who, if he went in for them, or if there were such things, would be bound to win every male beauty prize in the whole universe. Mrs. Simon Elwes was also in the party. The David Forbes, she looking lovely (as is her habit) in miles and miles of white chiffon that seemed to get in her way a bit as she danced, had a party too. At the door, Lord Sefton stepped from his Rolls-Royce, which has on the radiator-cap what looks uncommonly like a swan sitting on its nest. We apologise if, by any chance, that swan and nest prove on closer inspection to be a hen nesting in a crown, or anything like that. Later, in the restaurant, he sat with another man at the back of the room, beneath the shade of one of ye olde marble pillars. The Reggie Sheffields were together that night, she wearing pale blue, and Miss Pamela Nichol was another we spotted. Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who was in the same party as Lady Bridget Poulett, seems to have got even thinner than usual, but somehow, in spite of it, retains those amazing good looks.

Mrs. Harold Taylor

Mrs. Harold Taylor, wearing a pale-grey suit and hat and fox furs, which all went well with her attractive red hair, was sketched at one of the pre-Empire Ball cocktail-parties. She was one of the innumerable helpers with the Ball

ON the other hand, had you been at the Ritz on yet another night, you would have been able to say you had seen King George of Greece dancing round the floor, with his monocle in his eye and Mrs. Margery Nettlefold as his partner. She was a Wagg, and is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Kenneth Wagg (née Horlick); also, that Lady Carnarvon had stepped down from her suite above, to join in the unusual revelry that was taking place in the restaurant. No one could accuse her of being tête-à-tête. She was accompanied by no fewer than three men, including Mr. Sydney Beer and Mr. Toby Milbank, brother of Sir John of that ilk.

MRS. PEEPS

A French Artist Has a London Show

M. Paul Maze, pipe in hand, meets and greets Lady Alexandra Haig at the private view of his exhibition of drawings last week at the Wildenstein Galleries, just off Grosvenor Square. The exhibition includes a picture of the Jubilee Procession at Hyde Park Corner, painted last Monday; Mr. Maze is a good reporter as well as a clever artist. His book, "A Frenchman in Khaki," has had a great success since it came out last autumn

A Correction

On page 9 of the Silver Jubilee Supplement in last week's issue, the photograph entitled "The Happiest Snapshot of the Reign" was taken after the wedding of Princess Maud and Lord Carnegie, and not, as stated, after that of the Princess Royal.

BY APPOINTMENT
DUNLOP FORT "90"
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BRITISH BIRDS

bottled by Worthington

The HARLEQUIN COP OR ROAD CREEPER

(Constabularius incognito)

A predatory bird, first reared in a yard in Scotland. Frequents built-up areas and is the chief enemy of the Swift. Traps its prey by assuming the appearance of a simple wayside bird and swooping suddenly at great speed. Occasionally attacks others of its kind in error, to the vast amusement of onlookers.

Song: A menacing gong-like note.

Food: Being hardy and courageous is almost certainly partial to Worthington (but cannot be bribed therewith to relinquish its prey).

Plumage: Ridiculous.

THE KING'S DAY

Golden Sunshine for His Majesty's Silver Jubilee

The City of London Receives the King

Their Majesties completed the first stage of their journey to St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service when they entered the City of London at Temple Bar. There they were met by the Lord Mayor, Sir Stephen Killik, who surrendered the City Sword to the King. Without this ceremony his Majesty may not enter the heart of his capital. He returned the sword immediately to the Lord Mayor, who later laid it on a table in front of the King in St. Paul's

Outside Buckingham Palace

Above: What the Crowd Saw *Below: What Their Majesties Could See*

While Thousands Cheered

THE long, stately drives to and from the City over, the Service at St. Paul's already a memory for those who attended and those who listened to its broadcast message of grateful rejoicing, the King and Queen returned home. Up the Mall came the glittering procession, and after it had passed, the thousands who had waited within sight of the Palace crowded round its gates for their own special view of the Royal Family, their own special chance to cheer and sing "God Save the King." On the balcony were, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, the King, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, the Earl of Harewood, Princess Elizabeth, the Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent, the Duchess of York, Princess Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Earl and Countess of Athlone

A Rich and Splendid Pageant Under the Bluest of English Skies

The Royal Procession Circles the Victoria Memorial on its Return Journey to Buckingham Palace

Within Sight of St. Paul's

Above: the King and Queen driving up Ludgate Hill on the way to the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's. The streamer decorations east of Temple Bar were red and white, the City colours; while those of Westminster were blue and gold. On the right is a picture of the King taken while passing along Fleet Street in the royal carriage

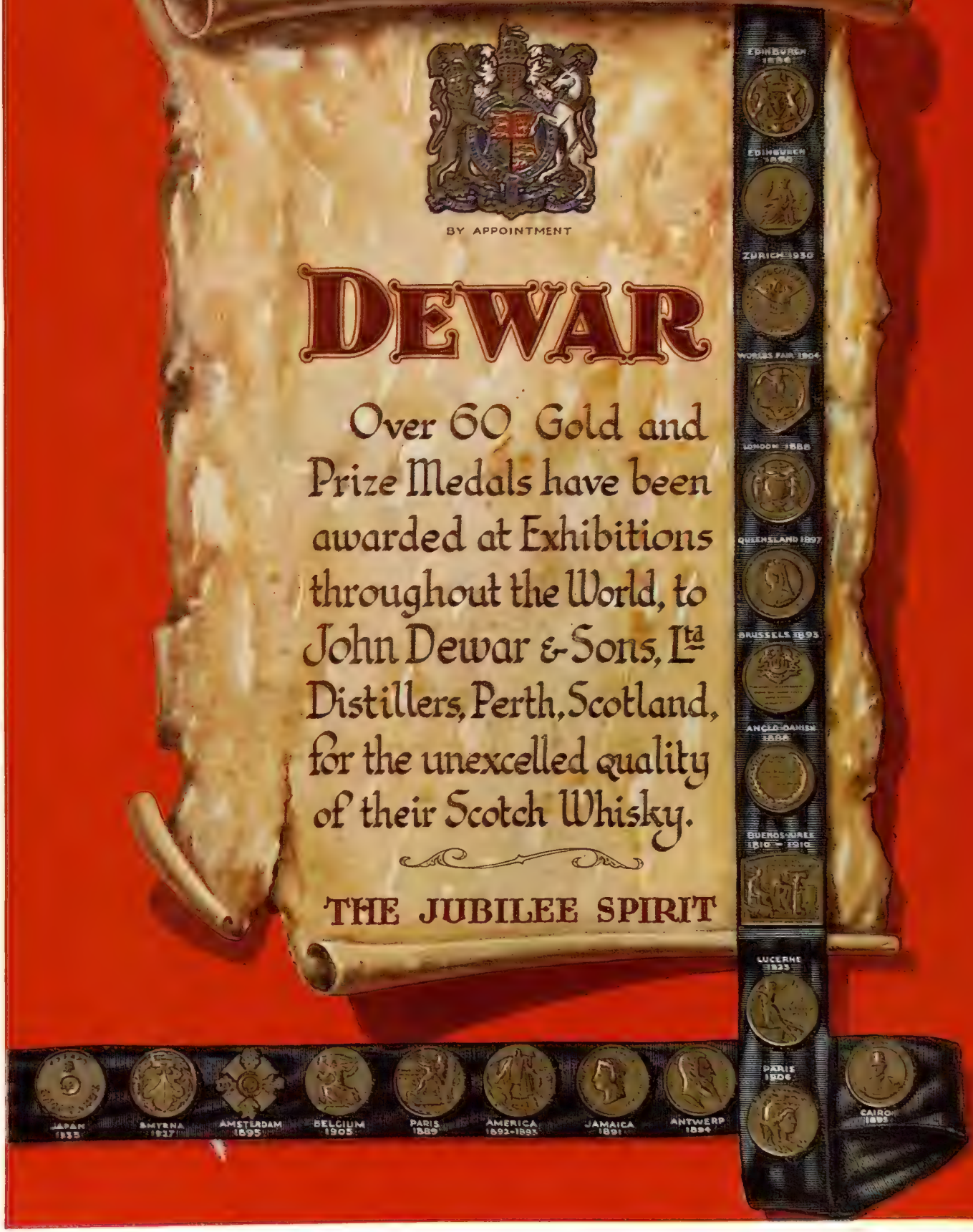
Seals of Quality

BY APPOINTMENT

DEWAR

Over 60 Gold and Prize Medals have been awarded at Exhibitions throughout the World, to John Dewar & Sons, Ltd Distillers, Perth, Scotland, for the unexcelled quality of their Scotch Whisky.

THE JUBILEE SPIRIT



Twenty-Five Years Elapse—Some Notable Charac

A key to the characters in this symposium of distinguished men and women who have earned their niche of fame during the King's reign will be found on the first page of "Standing By"

DR

ers in the Drama of the Last Quarter-Century

WN BY H. H. HARRIS

Separate reproduction of this picture can be had from the Publisher, the "Bystander," 346, Strand, W.C.2, in full colour on plate sunk mount, suitable for framing, 5/- each, postage 6d. extra.

SOIT MAL
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT
The verdict of succeeding generations is the surest test of merit. Booth's Gin . . . product of a 200 years' old distillery . . . . . has passed this test and it grows in favour day by day.
SPECIALLY SELECTED AND MATURED
Supplied in bottle only.
TRADE MARK
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FINEST OLD DRY GIN
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EACH BOTTLE BEARS OUR SIGNATURE AND TRADE MARK ON THE CAPSULE ARED LION AS A GUARANTEE OF ITS BEING OUR FINEST OLD DRY GIN THOROUGHLY WELL MATURED GUARANTEED FREE FROM SUGAR
83-5 TURNMILL STREET LONDON E.C.
Distilled by BOOTH'S
Mellowed by TIME

The Bystander,
May 15, 1935—295

Left: the King and Queen are seated facing the altar. Behind their Majesties are the Duke of Connaught, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, the Queen of Norway, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Margaret, and Princess Elizabeth

The Thanksgiving Service and the Drive Home

Below: the royal procession proceeding up the Mall on the return to Buckingham Palace after Service at St. Paul's. Right: a nearer view of the King and Queen in the Cathedral

Scarlet and Gold Out-

The Distinguished Congregation Leave After the Service

Lord Nuffield, who was wearing Court dress, and Lady Maclean sat by the railings and waited for their cars

Below are Sir William and Lady Erskine and the Ranee of Sarawak. Sir William Erskine was British Ambassador in Poland from 1929 to last year, when he retired

Lady Oxford and Asquith, who wore a brown cape over her beige dress, is with Sir Lionel and Lady Earle; the latter was in black and white

Lady Chesterfield talking to Lord Fortescue after the Service

Lord and Lady for their car out-

side St. Paul's

Lord Borodale and his father, Lord Beatty, give, the one a soldier's and the other a sailor's, salute. Lord Borodale is in the Leicestershire Yeomanry

Some Members of the Cabinet, and Mr. Lloyd George

Above: the ceremonially-uniformed group on the steps of St. Paul's includes Mr. Walter Elliot, Mr. Oliver Stanley, Mr. W. Ormsby-Gore, Sir John Gilmour, Sir Godfrey Collins, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, and Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell

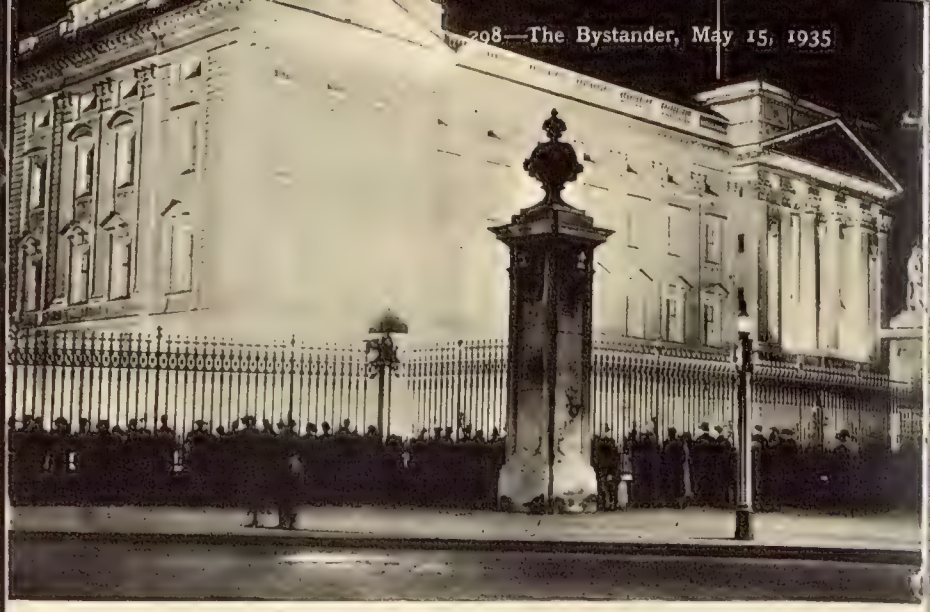
Right: Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Chief Economic Adviser to the Government, Lady Leith-Ross, and Sir Horace Rumbold, who, until 1933, was British Ambassador in Berlin

Lichfield waiting side St. Paul's

Lady Annaly talking to Lord Lytton, who is a K.G., and Lady Lytton

Lord and Lady Zetland watching some of the departing celebrities

Lord Cavan wearing his Field-Marshal's uniform, is with Lady Cavan



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ALL last week, from nine o'clock till midnight, sightseers in their thousands walked about the streets of a magic town. The crowds were thickest in the trafficless roadways of Whitehall, in Parliament Square, and, above all, outside Buckingham Palace, where it was hardly possible to move, and where the cheering rose and fell for hour after hour

Left: Big Ben Points Its Finger of Light into the Invisible Sky

Below: the Horse Guards, from Whitehall as from St. James's Park, Becomes a Fantastic Façade of Electric Blue

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Polo Starts at Oxford

Mr. A. M. Budgett, Mr. Jack Profumo, and Mr. Michael Rowley, who spend most of their Oxford winters hunting and their summers playing polo, turned out for the first game of the year at Port Meadow

A Sisterly View at Chester

Miss "Googie" Clover and Miss "Tiny" Clover were two of the decorations at the Chester Meeting last week, for which the sun shone and all the regulars made a temporary migration from London

There's Always the Horse

At Hurst Park

Miss Mary Leigh, one of this year's most attractive debutantes, went to the Hurst Park Meeting; she is with Mr. Parker Boles

Owner and Owner's Daughter

Left: Mrs. Corlette Glorney had a ringside seat in the Hurst Park paddock with Miss Peggy Johnson, Mr. Percy Johnson's daughter, who had just got back from cruising with the Cunningham-Reids

Polo at Ranelagh

Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin and the Hon. W. W. Astor played in the first match of the season at Ranelagh last week

Right: Mr. Heber-Percy and Lady Isobel Manners sitting out at the Wingfield-Stratford dance at 16, Bruton Street

Below: Miss Roshnara Wingfield-Stratford and Lord Chichester. She was presented last year, but is having her coming-out party this year. Her father, Mr. Esme Wingfield-Stratford, is a well-known historical writer, particularly on the last decades of Victoria's reign

Swaebe

The Debutantes Had Their Own Parties

To Charity Affairs

Miss Virginia Gilliatt, Mr. Miss Mary Ormsby-Gore, Miss Mary Gerard Leigh aid of the Queen Alexandra

Swaebe

"Let's Have a Jubilee . . ."

The Week As It Went By Night and By Day

Miss Lisa Maugham's

"I See a Tall, Dark Man . . ."

Above: Gipsy Nina, the singing accordionist from the Palladium, reading Baroness Christa von Bodenhausens' hand at a party at the latter's flat in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. The Baroness is the only non-diplomatic German debutante of the year, and very fair and attractive

A Dancer Goes Walking

Left: Mlle. Alicia Markova looked very smart in her morning-walk outfit in Hyde Park. She is the idol of the Sadler's Wells ballet fans, who will be able to see her every night from May 20th, when the Vic-Wells Company start a short all-ballet season before going on tour

Private View Day

Swaebe

Both Debs and Ex-Debs Go

H. Garnett, Mr. Terence Weldon, Mr. K. Campbell, Mr. C. A. Cowen, Lady Elizabeth Paget, and all helped at the dinner-dance at Claridge's in Hospital and the Second Feathers Canteen Club

A Golf Party

Above: Mr. Lawson Little, Mr. Francis Francis, Mr. Andrew McNair and Mr. B. Topping had a golfers' evening out together at the Café de Paris

Right: Miss Florrie Owen dancing with Mr. Peter Clarke at the Florida. She is doing this season under her father's eye; he is Mr. Richard Owen, and has taken a London house for the summer

Left: Miss Lisa Maugham, Mr. Michael Verey, Mr. D. Lloyd and Mlle. Livia Paravicini had a magnolia-tree table at the Ritz when Miss Lisa Maugham had a party there for her nineteenth birthday

Swaebe

Birthday Party at the Ritz

"Midnight with the Stars"

Above: Lord St. Aldwyn and the Hon. Vanda Vivian were at a charity film show at the Dominion in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund

Left: Sir Alfred Beit and Lady Caroline Paget left the Private View together. Lord Leinster, who honoured the Academy with a grey top hat, was with his wife

Happy Return

Right: Miss Diana Wynyard, who is back in "Sweet Aloes" after her appendicitis operation, made a very good black-and-white picture on her way to lunch at Claridge's

for the Jubilee Academy

Miss Zoë Quilter

A Hurst Park snapshot of Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter's second daughter; like most of her family, she goes racing when there 's racing to go to. Her younger sister, Sonia, is one of the Jubilee season debutantes

A Racing Reverie

Two Park Meetings

By "Regular"

How I wish that Traffic Light and Wheatfield had been left at the post, for then Parity would have been the winner of the Princess Royal Two-Year-Old Stakes.

No, I had not backed Parity. I seldom find, when I pay a horse the compliment of entrusting it with my money, that it spurs it on to very great endeavour, so I refrained; but, like every other loyal citizen, I would dearly have loved to witness a royal victory on Jubilee day.

Before going to Kempton we had, most of us, witnessed the royal procession in the morning, and we would have given anything to have been able to cheer the royal colours in the afternoon. A royal victory would have been a fitting climax to one of the most memorable days in the lives of any of us.

Parity, however, was not equal to the big responsibility which rested on her shoulders, and she was soundly beaten by both Traffic Light and Wheatfield. Hence the opening words of this column.

The Royal Silver Jubilee Handicap was won in gallant style by Captain Stanley Wilson's John James, ridden by Tommy Weston and turned out looking a treat by Percy Whitaker. I know no jockey who gets busier in a finish than Tommy, and he is a hundred per cent. effective. At one time I had serious doubts as to John James's courage, but no horse could have run gamer than he did when winning both here and at Sandown. By the way, I would suggest that some of my fellow-scribes take the trouble to see when the handicap was published before criticising the handicapper. You know, it does make such a difference.

It is always a joy to see "Jack" Wilson win a race; he does love racing so much, and is always so open about his horses. No man is better liked, and no man has helped more lame dogs over stiles than he has.

The suggestion put forward that, with every claim for a horse in a selling race, you must produce a nice, crisp fiver, is sound common sense, and would prevent so-called sportsmen from putting in a dozen claims in the names of his wife and child, gardener, chauffeur, etc. These fivers would go to the owner of the claimed horse.

Overheard outside the weighing-room: A: "The dirty So-and-So pinched my horse."

B: "What are you complaining about? Think yourself lucky he didn't pinch your old woman."

After a moderately successful start, we most of us finished up Guineas week on the wrong leg when the One Thousand was won by the French filly, Mesa, the only genuine stayer in a field of terribly moderate animals, which enabled Johnstone to cock a mental snook, if not an actual one, at all the people who said he couldn't ride, simply because he couldn't win races on the terribly bad horses he was put up on last year. As very few of these horses have won since, and some have been sold as good hacks or hunters, Johnstone may be said to be exonerated. If all goes well, Mesa is just as good a thing for the Oaks as Bahram is for the Derby.

Can anyone tell me why it is, in recent years, that we breed crack-a-jack colts who get every yard of the trip up to any distance within reason, and yet not one filly in fifty ever gets a mile? Caretta is the loveliest filly I have ever seen, but she barely gets six furlongs.

Victoria Cup day at Hurst Park is a day I would much sooner forget. In the first place, I was "gonged," and after that I was —— ——! yes, and bewildered. It was all very expensive.

For the information of racegoers, may I inform you that the wide, open stretch of road which runs from Kingston to Hampton Court is an "enclosed area," and although it is a far safer road than the Kingston Bye-Pass could ever hope to be, you mayn't go more than thirty miles an hour on it. This is probably the best tip I have ever given you.

The Victoria Cup was yet another triumph for the Lambtons, who won the race with Precious Pearl, a horse which few of us had ever heard of; but, judging by the amount of money which went on at 10-1, and much longer prices, both they and Joe Baylis must have had a rare tickle, and Teddy will be able to go to the barber's every day of the week.

It was a great race and another triumph for Crocker Bulteel. Personally, I thought he had let Pegasus in too light, but I am still convinced he will win a race, although he failed here, as I feel sure he needs stronger handling than a boy of Evans's weight could give him.

Gordon had another great day, and not even Gordon himself has ever ridden stronger finishes than he did on Royalist and What-a-day. The Maharaja of Rajpipla fancied Soleil du Midi very much, and he told all his friends to back him—only Gordon on What-a-day, riding like a man inspired, prevented them from having a nice touch.

Mrs. Betty Colclough

Followed the Hurst Park fashion at the last meeting and wore a striped flannel suit, and looked, as usual, very pretty. She has now deserted London, and is living down in Sussex with her baby daughter

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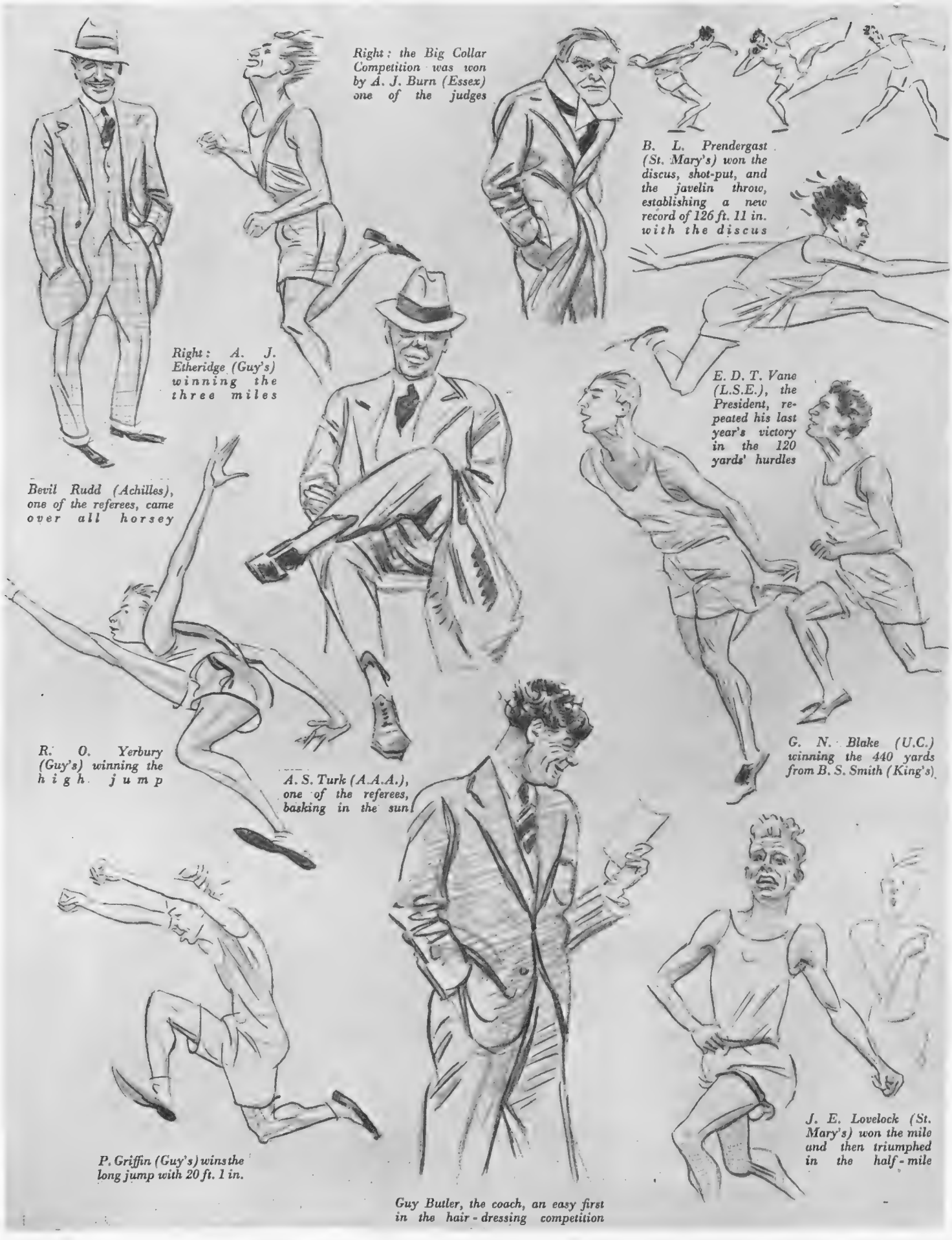
University of London Athletic Club

Inter-Collegiate Championships: By H. H. Harris



Right: the Big Collar Competition was won by A. J. Burn (Essex) one of the judges

B. L. Prendergast (St. Mary's) won the discus, shot-put, and the javelin throw, establishing a new record of 126 ft. 11 in. with the discus

Right: A. J. Etheridge (Guy's) winning the three miles

E. D. T. Vane (L.S.E.), the President, repeated his last year's victory in the 120 yards' hurdles

Bevil Rudd (Achilles), one of the referees, came over all horsey

R. O. Yerbury (Guy's) winning the high jump

A. S. Turk (A.A.A.), one of the referees, basking in the sun

G. N. Blake (U.C.) winning the 440 yards from B. S. Smith (King's)

P. Griffin (Guy's) wins the long jump with 20 ft. 1 in.

Guy Butler, the coach, an easy first in the hair-dressing competition

J. E. Lovelock (St. Mary's) won the mile and then triumphed in the half-mile

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The English Amateur Golf Championship

John Woollam (Hooton), the winner, receives the Championship Cup from J. H. Mackie, captain of the Hollinwell Club, after his victory in the final tie over Eric W. Fiddian (Stourbridge), seen centre, at back. Also at the back are Captain A. Stanley Bright, Hon. Secretary, and R. H. de Montmorency, the umpire. Woollam won by 2 and 1

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The English Championship

J. Woollam (Hooton) beat E. W. Fiddian (Stourbridge) in the final of the English Amateur Championship at Hollinwell by 2 holes up and 1 to play, after being 3 holes down at lunch time, and still 3 down with 15 to play. Those—and there were many—who prophesied that the final would be a close match were correct, but I do not think anyone imagined that two first-class players (both are International golfers, and each of them had previously won this Championship: Fiddian at Royal St. Georges' in 1932, and Woollam at Ganton in 1933) could play so badly. Woollam is certainly a lucky man to play the first eighteen holes of a final in approximately 87 shots and find himself not more than 3 down; he might easily have been 13 down. In the final at Ganton in 1933 he took approximately the same number of shots in the morning, and was only 1 down. Fiddian played under a severe handicap, as he was suffering from a strained back, and was bound up in plaster and bandages, and played against the advice of his medical adviser. (He gave up his place in the victorious Worcester side in the County Championship played just previously to the Championship.) He very sportingly declared that his strained back had nothing to do with his defeat, but there can surely be few who will agree with this statement. The less written about the play in the final the better it will be, but we must give Woollam credit for his recovery, as after playing 21 holes badly, he did pull himself together and played 9 of the last 14 holes really well. Woollam has always been a very fine iron player, but both at Ganton and last year at Formby he was unconvincing with his wooden clubs, and still more unconvincing with his putter. Until the final he drove well, and putted beautifully, and is a very improved player in these important departments of the game.

Re-Enter the Open Champion

Henry Cotton, the Open Champion, with his amateur Belgian partner, J. Westhofen, playing in the Silver King Silver Jubilee £500 Mixed Foursomes held at Moor Park

Woollam started his journey to the final with three reasonably easy wins, by 3 and 2 against R. E. Frearson; by 4 and 3 against F. T. Taylor; and by 3 and 2 against W. F. Wiseman; he then had a very busy day on the Thursday, when he was required to play 43 holes before he returned, exhausted but victorious, to the Club House; in the morning he beat Brig.-General Critchley at the twenty-second hole; and F. Ricardo in the afternoon at the twenty-first. When Woollam was 4 up and 8 to play, going into the hilly country, he appeared set for a comfortable victory against Brig.-General Critchley. Then, nothing daunted, Brig.-General Critchley reeled off 3, 4, 2, 4, 4, and wiped off the deficit, and with another 4 at the seventeenth hole became 1 up; at the eighteenth hole, after a good tee shot, he was very unfortunate to find his ball cupped, and in trying to force it out with a spoon he pulled badly into gorse and lost it, and, as Woollam, who had hit his spoon dangerously near the hole, was on the green in 2, gave up the hole. At the extra holes Woollam was hard pressed; he had to hole the two putts at the nineteenth and twenty-first; at the twentieth hole Brig.-General Critchley had a five-foot putt for the match which finished on the very lip of the hole to the right, not short; at the twenty-second hole Woollam holed out from off the green for a 3, and finished a most thrilling match.

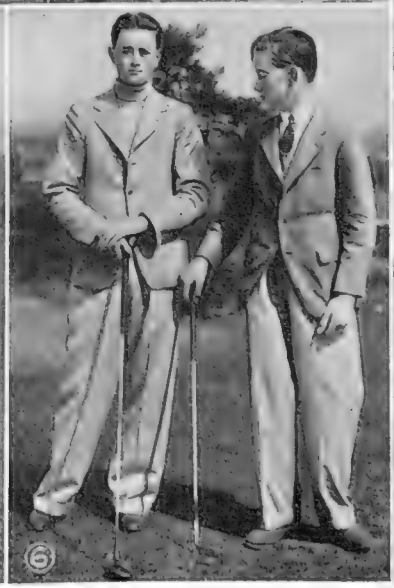
E. Gibbs (Muswell Hill), who up to the time of his defeat had probably played better golf than any other competitor, was Woollam's victim in the sixth round; and S. Lunt, the reigning Champion, his victim in the semi-final. S. Lunt was not playing well at any time during the Championship, never appeared comfortable, and obviously had difficulty in finding his proper stance; it says much for his fighting spirit and match-play ability that he got as far as he did under these circumstances; in the early stages of nearly all his matches he was down and only scrambled through the majority of them through sheer courage and grit. Fiddian, like Woollam, had many adventures before he reached the final. In his very first round he was at one stage 3 down to F. A. Naylor (Wollaton Park), and only defeated him after a tremendous struggle (assisted by the missing of a minute putt) by 2 and 1. Fiddian next had a reasonably easy match when he beat D. Guest 3 and 2, and then a really easy one when he knocked out N. G. Tate (Tynemouth) by 7 and 6. His next three matches were all touch and go. He beat E. H. Head (Addington)—who, according to his opponents, had been under an average of 4's in all his previous rounds—by 1 hole; he beat C. J. H. Tolley by 1 hole. In this match Fiddian won the first 3 holes and looked like being 4 up at the fifth, where his opponent laid a shot out of a bunker stone dead to halve the hole. Tolley won the sixth, where he got home with two enormous shots (this was the only occasion on which I actually saw anyone on this green in two), and then the seventh, where he played another good niblick shot. At the eighth he had to hole a putt for a 3, and failed by less than an inch; just when he appeared to have pulled the match out of the fire, he had a lapse, hit his tee shot to the short ninth very near the socket, and finished in the wood to the right of the green and lost this hole, and also the tenth and eleventh; he then pulled himself together, and with 4, 2, won the next two holes. He halved the fourteenth, and won the fifteenth, and consequently, after having been 4 down and 7 to play, was now only 1 down with 3 to play. Tolley went for the long carry on the right-hand route to the sixteenth hole, got a bad lie, and had a difficult second shot to play. He was in the bunker short, and became 2 down. He hit a magnificent iron shot to the seventeenth green, and won the hole in 4, but a half at the eighteenth gave Fiddian the match; how Tolley's putt of a little over four feet, to save his neck, kept out of the hole will always be a mystery. Fiddian, in the sixth round, beat A. S. G. Thompson (Aldeburgh), who, after J. M'Lean, was the leading amateur in the Open Championship at Royal St. George's last year, at the nineteenth hole. Thompson is a really good golfer, but appears to be better in medal play than match play.

A View of the Ferndale Golf Club House

Golf Clubs at Home

Ferndale Golf Club, Dorset

(1) J. P. Ellis, O. B. P. Burdon (ex-Captain), and G. M. Morris. (2) Captain E. C. H. Alban and J. C. Beard (secretary). (3) W. Kerr, Dr. A. L. Jackson, and J. Sudlow (committeeman). (4) D. H. Pratt and A. E. Rouch. (5) H. Foster, J. Hansell, and C. G. Simmons. (6) S. J. Hill and J. B. Pratt. (7) Major E. S. Berry, Edward Oliver, and A. W. Pimson



• FILMS of the DAY

Lights . . .

On Our Two Greatest Actors

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

HARDWICKE AND LAUGHTON: To Compare is Inevitable

Cedric Hardwicke versus Charles Laughton as the finest English actor is an excellent conversational gambit in company where their performances in "Les Misérables," or in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," stage and screen versions, have been seen. These two stills, of Hardwicke as the Bishop, and of Laughton as the detective, Javert, are from the film of "Les Misérables," at the Tivoli

THE voice of the director rings out. Click, click, and click: a blaze of electricity illumines the set. The camera-man, high on his scaffolding or flat on his tummy on the floor turns his little handle. . . .

Some years ago there was a controversy, or, at least, a friendly exchange of mutually contemptuous opinion, between two well-known dramatic critics as to whether Cedric Hardwicke or Charles Laughton was the greatest actor on the English stage. Presumably, as Hardwicke's claims have been officially recognised with a knighthood, he is the accredited representative of modern English drama. Whether his inimitable performance as King Magnus in *The Apple Cart* had anything to do with this vindication of his supporters, or whether, if this is the case, the author of the play—one Bernard Shaw—was the worthier recipient of honour, is outside the question.

If one can, and one surely must, admit that acting ability on the stage or in the film studio springs from the same source, though there are variations of expression, it seems that in the interim Charles Laughton has proved himself the greater, the more versatile and the more acceptable exponent. I have already in the course of these reviews given my reasons for thinking him the best actor in Hollywood.

To-day Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the man of the moment—the most prominent feature on the face of theatricalism. In one week there was the successful first night of *Tovarich*, the première of *Les Misérables*, and *The King of Paris*, in all of which he is "featured."

IN *Les Misérables* Hardwicke is the saintly Bishop whose charity, tolerance and generosity convert the wild and embittered ex-convict, Valjean, to his own creed: "Life is to give," whereby our hero, contrary to modern superstition based on commercial history, so signally succeeds in life until he re-encounters the ruthless and fanatical administrator of the Law with a damnable flair for detection, Serjeant Javert, in the person of Charles Laughton.

Small as the part is, Hardwicke could surely have made something more of it than a static, robot-like utterer of Christian platitudes. If he aimed at serenity, the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," he attained it, but at the cost of any indication of human feeling. It is not the words men speak, not even the acts they do, that influence the lives of other men, but the spirit behind them, and Hardwicke's performance was, to say the least—and the most—of it, spiritless.

This brings us to the secret of Laughton's potency in this frankly melodramatic "historical" romance. No matter how foreign or remote from experience the mental and physical processes of his part, he exudes an integral emotionalism which makes us understand and feel them, and watch absorbedly every expression and gesture for revelation.

Les Misérables is a very creditable summary of the chief incidents and characters in Victor Hugo's vast and discursive novel. The hunting down of Valjean through the years by the indomitable Javert is full of drama, sentiment, excitement, and turmoil, excellently presented.

Fredric March as Valjean, Barrymorish in the earlier scenes, definitely histrionic, is in strange but effective contrast to Laughton and his individualistic method, but perhaps nearer in spirit and time to Hugo's story. But it is Laughton who dominates the picture. Incidentally, with his close-cropped bullet head, his long legs, booted and spurred, his stout body buttoned into grandiose uniform, he is an imposing, at moments a magnificent, figure.

IN *The King of Paris* Sir Cedric Hardwicke has it all his own way. He *is* the picture, which is a simple, not in its present form a subtle, study of an impossibly egotistical, conceited and overbearing poseur, an actor-author-manager, the idol of the Paris stage, obviously drawn, with no little malice, by a rival dramatist. The original play was by Savoir, with a patent Guitry motif. As an English film it inevitably loses much of its Gallic savour and local application.

Cedric Hardwicke is evidently conscious of the caricature in hand. His make-up and some of his gestures betray rather than reveal this. He gives a conscientious, self-effacing performance without the grace of humorous mimicry. Here again something of pedantry or intellectuality creeps in at the expense of a more human quality.

Marie Glory plays the part of the second little wife and actress whom the great impresario has taken from "nowhere," trained and created as an artist, until, in her case somewhat incredibly, her fame and popularity surpass his own. Then, like his first wife, she leaves him for a man who will love her for herself alone. And he has to start all over again, this time on a more willing victim, amusingly played by Joan Maude. Marie Glory is most aptly described by a line convincingly spoken by Hardwicke as the great actor after his defeat: ". . . And what are you? A pretty face. . . . An amusing foreign accent. . . ."

"THE MORALS OF MARCUS" is an excellent excuse for Lupe Velez to run through the whole gamut of supposed feminine wiles and whims. As Carlotta, escaped from a harem, she is so pretty and so insinuating that some men, even, or perhaps especially, Professors of Assyriology, might fall for the mots and moues and malaprops, her sinuous figure and rolling eyes. Noel Maddison is good as the traditional professional seducer. Adrienne Allan's unsympathetic part reduces her to fashionable formula. They are all terribly stereotyped, and one feels that the Locke story and people are really rather too silly; but even he must have deplored Ian Hunter's Sir Marcus Ordeyne. He gets nothing but the man's embarrassment out of the part.

Said a bandmaster, "Wilson, you're sacked!
Since you took to Schweppes Tonic you've cracked
Twenty drumsticks, and split
Seven drums. I submit
That such force should be tempered with tact."

Schweppes

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Old Folks At Jalna Again: By A. G. Macdonell

MISS MAZO DE LA ROCHE continues her history of Jalna and the Whiteoaks family in her latest novel, *Young Renny* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) At least, it is more of a throw-back than a continuation, for she goes back to 1906, when Meg Whiteoaks is just beginning on her unhappy love-affair and Renny is a strong, wiry youth of nineteen. In the preface to his new book, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse issues a solemn warning to authors against the Saga habit, but in the case of Miss de la Roche the warning comes too late. She is undoubtedly mounted on the full tide of Sagadom, and all that is lacking is one of those enormous family-trees that unfold at the end of the book and are the very deuce and all to fold up again. *Young Renny* begins with the story of how Meg is betrayed by her young lover, Maurice. For Maurice, although engaged to the belle of the Whiteoaks, dallies with a village maiden disastrously in the woods, and the girl is persuaded by her gipsy aunt to leave the resulting baby upon the door-step of Maurice's family, with an explanatory note attached for all the world to see. Meg breaks off the engagement in consequence. But Renny, who has acted as go-between for Maurice with the gipsy aunt, is fatally lured by the dark eyes of the gipsy, and rides a wild colt, at the risk of his life, across to gaze into them once again. And the mysterious aunt ensnares Renny, just as the mysterious niece ensnared Maurice.

Then there is a real, genuine, old-fashioned villain in Mr. Malahide Court, a thin, dark man with exquisitely courtly manners and intrigues as dark as his eyebrows. In the true vein of the 'seventies, he goes about poisoning people's minds against each other, and peering into windows, and turning with sneers, and snarling—"his mouth was an ugly gash"—and generally qualifying for an Honours' Degree in Sir Jasperism. There is even an intelligent parrot who screams out, "To hell with Cousin Malahide!" I think that in this conventional part of the book, Miss de la Roche is writing a long way below her powers. But the earlier part, with the description of the Whiteoaks brothers, and the old mother, and the strange longings and feelings of young Renny, is as good as any that has gone in the earlier chronicles of Jalna. But in the next volume, let there be a frank admission that the Whiteoaks are in Valhalla with the Forsytes and the Herries, and let there be a beautiful family-tree.

MR. E. F. BENSON attempted a very difficult task when he set out to produce yet another life of Queen Victoria (Longman's; 16*s.*). Strachey squeezed all the "entertainment value" out of the long reign, and threw in a good deal of fiction of his own, while Mr. Guedalla has recently covered a lot of the ground. However, Mr. Benson has persevered and has produced a very readable, very workmanlike account of the little old lady and the extraordinary influence she had upon the world. Much of it is rather melancholy reading. Her wretched treatment of Gladstone, her incessant demands for money for her flocks of relations, the absurd ease with which Disraeli played upon her vanity, all these are fully brought out by Mr. Benson. If only Gladstone had not been so conscientious, if he had treated her with the gay carelessness of the invincible Palmerston, how much pleasanter would the lives of both of them have been during the fifty years in which they were associated. She was a great woman in the sense that she had a terrific will, was inconceivably obstinate, and was more endowed with personality than any ten of her subjects put together—apart from Wellington, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone—but it is doubtful if many of Britain's monarchs made more mistakes on major issues. Nothing is better in Mr. Benson's book than his sketch of Palmerston.

"What's the Colonel's handicap?"
"Well, he might have a stroke at any hole"

"IRELAND IN TEN DAYS" (Harrap; 5*s.*) is Mr. Stephen Gwynn's latest book on his native country. It is, of course, in a sense a guide-book, but it is the guide-book of a scholar and a historian. It goes from the description of a beauty spot to the story of Belfast's rise to industrial prominence, from the sand-beaches, sea-bird haunted, of Achill to the story of Robert Emmet, and so from Emmet to Pearse and the hoisting of the flag on the Post Office. There are very attractive photographs all through this beautifully written book.

"BLIND GUNNER" (Jarrold's; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a novel by Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke about an imaginary South American Republic. It has almost all the usual ingredients: plotters, spies, a beautiful girl who is ready to give herself for the cause, and a lot of heat and dust and flies. On the other hand, it is unique and quite admirable in this respect, that its Dictator is a very unusual type. True, he is ruthless, oppressive, and licentious. That is in the tradition. But he is also endowed with a sense of humour, which is quite out of the ordinary run of such books. In fact, Señor Torriente is a capital creation, and the story of how he outwits the revolutionaries only to find that his triumph has turned to dust and ashes in his mouth is powerfully told and, in parts, quite moving. The final scene is real tragedy, for everyone is defeated and Torriente, sitting victorious in his palace, knows that he has lost more than anyone. *Blind Gunner* is well worth reading, and my only real complaint against it is that it contains a perfectly incredible character of an Englishwoman. It is as bad a bit of over-caricaturing as I have met for some time.

IT is one of the phenomena of the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that not even one of its many million words is devoted to poor John Nash, the Regent's architect, the man who built Carlton House Terrace, and laid out the Mall, and stuck the Duke of York out of the way of his creditors on the top of his column, and designed the old Regent Street. He also was concerned with the Regent's architectural whimsies down at Brighton, and many other buildings, both in and out of London. But of all this that mighty series of tomes can find not a jot to say. Happily, Mr. John Summerson is at hand, and leaps to the rescue with his *John Nash* (Allen and Unwin; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Summerson, although an architect himself, has not compiled a technical treatise. He deals with the life of Nash as well as with his buildings (and, incidentally, he publishes a picture of him which shows him to have had an engagingly ugly face), his character as well as his beloved plaster. This book has been recommended by the Book Society. But do not be put off by that. It is well worth reading.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Peter Clark

Tea gowns are no longer what they were; in fact, it is often quite difficult to distinguish them from evening dresses. Women have greeted their revival with enthusiasm, as they may be worn with success where a more formal dress would be out of place. There is something ethereal about the one portrayed, which is expressed in fine black lace with floating sleeves and a train. It is posed over black satin, and may be seen at Woollands, Knightsbridge. The loveliest négligés in chiffon and satin are here to be seen. In pastel shades, trimmed in some cases with stiffened chiffon roses or gold lace, they suggest a summer bride's trousseau

Studies in Blue and White

Blue and white is one of the most fashionable colour-schemes this season. It is flattering to everyone, and essentially smart for wearing in town. The seated figure is wearing a taffeta-and-wool ensemble, from the small-size speciality shop at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It costs 7½ guineas, and consists of a navy-blue wool crêpe skirt, and a blue-and-white spotted taffeta jumper. The latter has short sleeves and a starched linen collar. It is accompanied by a short, flared jacket, also in taffeta, with long, tight sleeves

A feature of suits and frocks for small women is made by Swan and Edgar. There are evening frocks in floral crêpe-de-Chine and poult-de-soie, from 5½ guineas, and ensembles for £5. The latter are made in fine wool with three-quarter-length coats. On the right is a navy-blue crêpe frock, with cape sleeves lined with white, and a spray of gardenias at the neck. It is priced at 6½ guineas. Talking of capes, these have many variations, the latest being a small shoulder cape which can be worn as a basque

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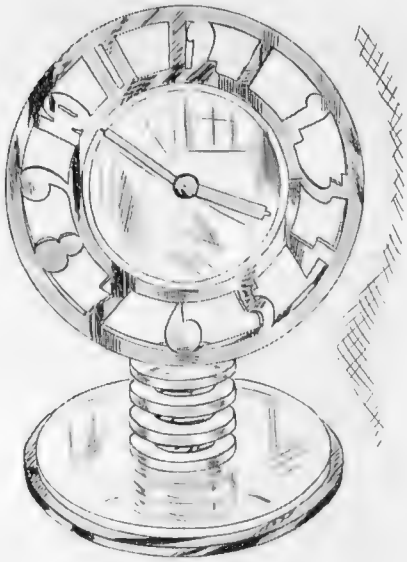
in search of NOVELTIES

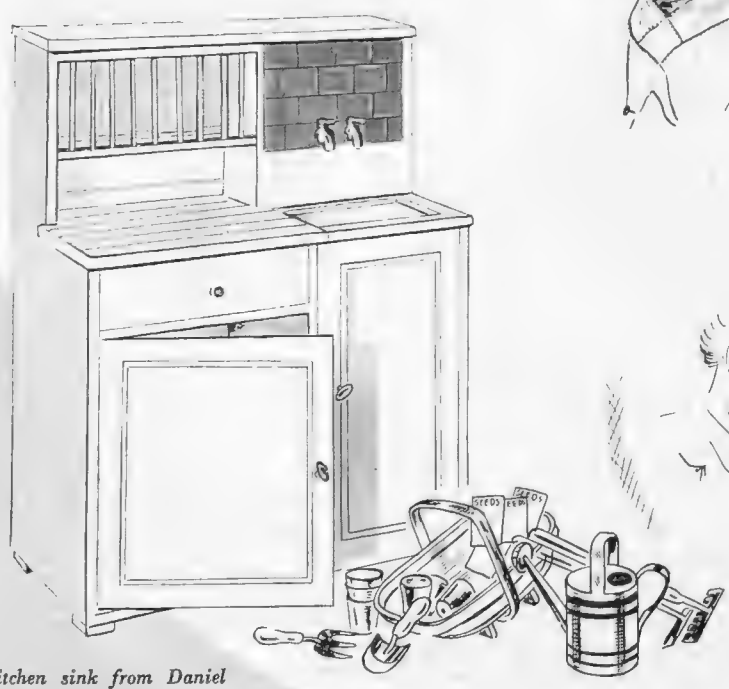
Discovered by Peta; Pictured by Pam.



This is another interpretation of a modern clock, which may also be seen at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. It is cylindrical in design, and is made of chromium and mirrored glass, with unusual figures. There are others entirely made of mirrored glass and shaped like the rising sun

Here is something quite new in the way of clocks from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. Instead of the ordinary figures, an appropriate picture denotes each hour. Next to it is a 1400 B.C. Egyptian Water Clock, by way of contrast. A certain measure of water dripped through the tap every hour

Printed crêpe chiffon makes this becoming coatee from Liberty, Regent Street. It is really a straight scarf joined at each end, and gathered at the wrists to make sleeves. Above is an adjustable cape-scarf in multi-coloured lamé



The kitchen sink from Daniel Neal's, Portman Square, will delight the heart of many a child. It is fitted with hot and cold taps, a plate rack, draining-board, cupboards and drawers, etc.

"Bones" is a newcomer to the Toy Department at Daniel Neal's. He is dressed in red velvet, and only costs 4s. 9d. The gardening set he is looking at costs 7s. 6d.

Sea Symphony

by

MATITA

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Sport with the Lid Off:

By "Mark Over"

R. A. Leyton

The younger Leyton brother, who will be playing for Cambridge in the 'Varsity tennis match on May 17th-18th. He got his Blue last year

J. R. Fawcus

Cambridge's 1935 tennis captain. He was junior champion of Surrey when he was seventeen, was at Cheltenham, and is at Peterhouse

Easter Pig-sticking in Central India

This group of the Mhow Tent Club (founded by the 10th Royal Hussars in 1896), taken when they were the guests of H.H. the Prince of Dewas, includes (standing) G. S. Heathcote, R.A., E. Jones, 28th Regiment; (sitting) M. C. Sands, R.A., G. E. Drought, R.A., the Prince of Dewas, R. E. P. Byrne, R.A., D. S. Strachan-Audas, 28th Regiment, D. W. Biddle, 28th. In front is the first pig of the day, speared by "Peachy" Byrne, R.A.

Oxford Cricket

The captain and secretary of the Oxford XI. for 1935 are David Walker (Uppingham and B.N.C.) and Norman Mitchell-Innes (Sedburgh and B.N.C.). Walker plays for Norfolk, and Mitchell-Innes, who headed the batting averages last year, plays for Somerset. They are both double Blues

WILL it be another sport year for Britain? This is the question many people are asking just now. Last summer we did well enough, to be sure: Fred Perry and Dorothy Round put us right back on the lawn tennis map, and there was Henry Cotton blazing new trails in the Open Golf Championship.

Indeed, apart from our defeat in the Walker Cup match—will our amateur golfers ever be able to beat the Americans?—and the loss of the "Ashes," it was a great season for Britain. Now, in this brilliant Jubilee year, we look well set to continue our successful run in sport.

First, Perry has shown us that he is back to form. Going down to Bournemouth for the Hard Court Championships, he won his way to the final in convincing fashion. And all this, mark you, in spite of the fact that he had had little time for practice after his voyage from the United States. Well, Perry met "Bunny" Austin for the title—and played splendidly to win.

On this form, Perry looks as good as ever. While Austin, although beaten, showed us enough to prove that he is going to be a troublesome opponent for anyone. I do hope, though, that we shall hear no more of Perry turning professional; truth is, we are all getting rather wearied of the ballyhoo which seems to surround—and very nearly overwhelm—the British champion. I feel sure that Perry was thoroughly upset by all the statements flying around; although, as I have stated in these columns more than once, the champion could have very quickly killed all the rumours regarding his attitude towards professionalism by a direct statement.

BUT to get back to the stern business ahead. Can Perry keep the Wimbledon crown in face of strong competition from such men as Jack Crawford, Vivian McGrath, Sidney Wood, Austin, and the rest? Straightway, I think that his most serious rival will be the likeable Crawford, for the Australian is, I am assured, a very different player these days from what he was when he lost to Perry in last year's final. Crawford was a tired man last summer. He had worn himself out in following the sun in search of tennis. He was stale; mind and body called for a rest from the strain of big lawn tennis. And, very wisely, Crawford decided to give the American Championships a miss. Thus, when Perry went on from the States to Australia, he found a revived Crawford waiting to challenge him. The rest we know—Crawford regained the Australian Championship from the Englishman.

I rather fancy Crawford's chance this season. Much depends, however, on the way Australia's Davis Cup matches go. The strain of the Cup encounters must have some effect on his play. On the other hand, Perry has no such worries, for Britain are high and dry in the Challenge Round and waiting to defend the trophy. However, all things being equal, the Australian is likely to go far towards regaining the title; but if—and when—he meets Perry, there will be a great fight for mastery, with, maybe, that little luck necessary in such encounters swinging the match one way or the other.

OF course, there is the challenge from the other men to consider. I do not think, however, that the Americans will make much of a showing this time. Sidney Wood looks their best proposition so far, although Gene Mako may cause a flutter in the Wimbledon dovecotes. Again, there is "Bitsy" Bryan to consider—and here is a "giant-killer" who has upset Ellsworth Vines! But this would not seem to be America's year. They are going through a lean period, and about most of their players one feels that they lack experience.

When we think of the Women's Championship, however, then America enters right into the argument. There is Helen

(Continued on page 320)

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Sport with the Lid Off: *(Continued from page 318)*

Jacobs. I take her to be the most serious rival to Dorothy Round. The American girl has been having a thorough rest from international tennis during the winter. She will go into this summer's tournament play quite fresh.

Can the same be said of Miss Round? The champion has been having a pretty strenuous time of it with her matches in Australia—where she won the title—during the Melbourne Centenary celebrations. Again, Miss Round had to retire from the Bournemouth Championship meeting owing to strain, and while I do not say that she will not be thoroughly fit for Wimbledon, there is always the feeling that she may feel the effects of her many matches in the past winter.

As for Señorita Anita Lizana, I feel that while she is quite a good player, she will not go very far at Wimbledon. The Señorita herself does not harbour any rosy hopes of her chances. She is just here to gain greater experience against the world's best players. But she has a colourful personality, and our newspapermen, quick to make a new star, are already hailing her as the second Lenglen. Now, if my memory does not fail me, only a few weeks ago they were saying that Miss Mary Hardwick was "Lenglen II." So you see just how glibly the journalistic gentry talk (or, rather, write) in these matters!

No; the Señorita, attractive little player though she is, does not look a world-beater to me just yet. Maybe when she has had a season or so against the top-class players she will be difficult to beat. But as yet she has quite a distance to travel.

Just one more reference to lawn tennis, and then to cricket. I must, of course, refer to the Davis Cup contest. Here I expect Australia to enter the challenge round against Britain. As I have stated before, in Crawford and McGrath they have a splendid doubles pair. How good they are we were able to see when they stepped off their steamer to gain the Italian doubles championship. They should be practically unbeatable in the Davis Cup; and then, with Crawford likely to gain successes in the singles, they would look to have a good chance of meeting Britain for the trophy . . . and, perhaps, triumph!

And now to cricket, with a thought for the South Africans. The Springboks are certainly starting their tour with a flourish. When they set sail we heard that they were strong in batting, but that their bowling was suspect. Well, as yet they have done well in skittling out their opponents, so that the attack would seem to be under-rated. Meanwhile, the batsmen have lived up to their reputations. Wade should get a harvest of runs when he once settles down. Rowan, too, is a batsman full of strokes—and runs—and there are some other batsmen in the side. The fielding, too, is first-rate, for these South Africans are young and keen and quick.

So far, Bell and Crisp have impressed with their bowling. I also like the look of young Tomlinson. Here is a bowler to watch. Indeed, I heard one of our foremost cricket experts express the opinion that Tomlinson would be the "surprise-packet" of the tour. So keep an eye on this bowler.

Meanwhile, the much-feared leg-before-wicket experiment has not played havoc with batsmen. Before the season's start we heard dismal stories from batsmen that they wouldn't stand much chance under the new law, while bowlers were gleefully conjuring up visions of their wicket crops. As it is, things have gone along very quietly. True enough, wickets have fallen cheaply in some games—they always do in the season's first flush, when batsmen's eyes are not quite quick enough; but the l.b.w. rule has worked very smoothly thus far. It has, I feel sure, made for much more attractive cricket. . . . And that's a real change after some of the irritating pad-play we've seen in past years.

Still, I must get back to the South Africans. As I have said, they look a likely lot, but I do not see them beating England in the Test series. For, as you must know, there is a world of difference between the quiet backwaters of games with county sides and the surge and fury of a Test. In Tests experience counts, and here, I believe, England gets the pull.

Now I find I have little space left me to write of the golf outlook. However, let me state that I hold the view that Henry Cotton will again make a bold bid for the Open Championship, though he may find a serious rival in Padgham, who, I am told, is doing splendidly just now. By the way, I happen to know that Walter Hagen has been backed for £100 to finish in the first three during the title meeting. This would not have been a bad bet in the old days, but can Walter, great player though he is, reproduce the form of some years ago? He is not getting any younger, you know.

Of course, Gene Sarazen will be over here again. Sarazen likes England and the English. More, he likes to carry off our title, which is a real money-spinner to an American. Yet, even here, those stories that the title is worth £50,000 to an American winner are pretty far-fetched. Indeed, Sarazen once put it this way to me in a letter: "The fellows who believe the Championship is worth £50,000, should have their heads examined."

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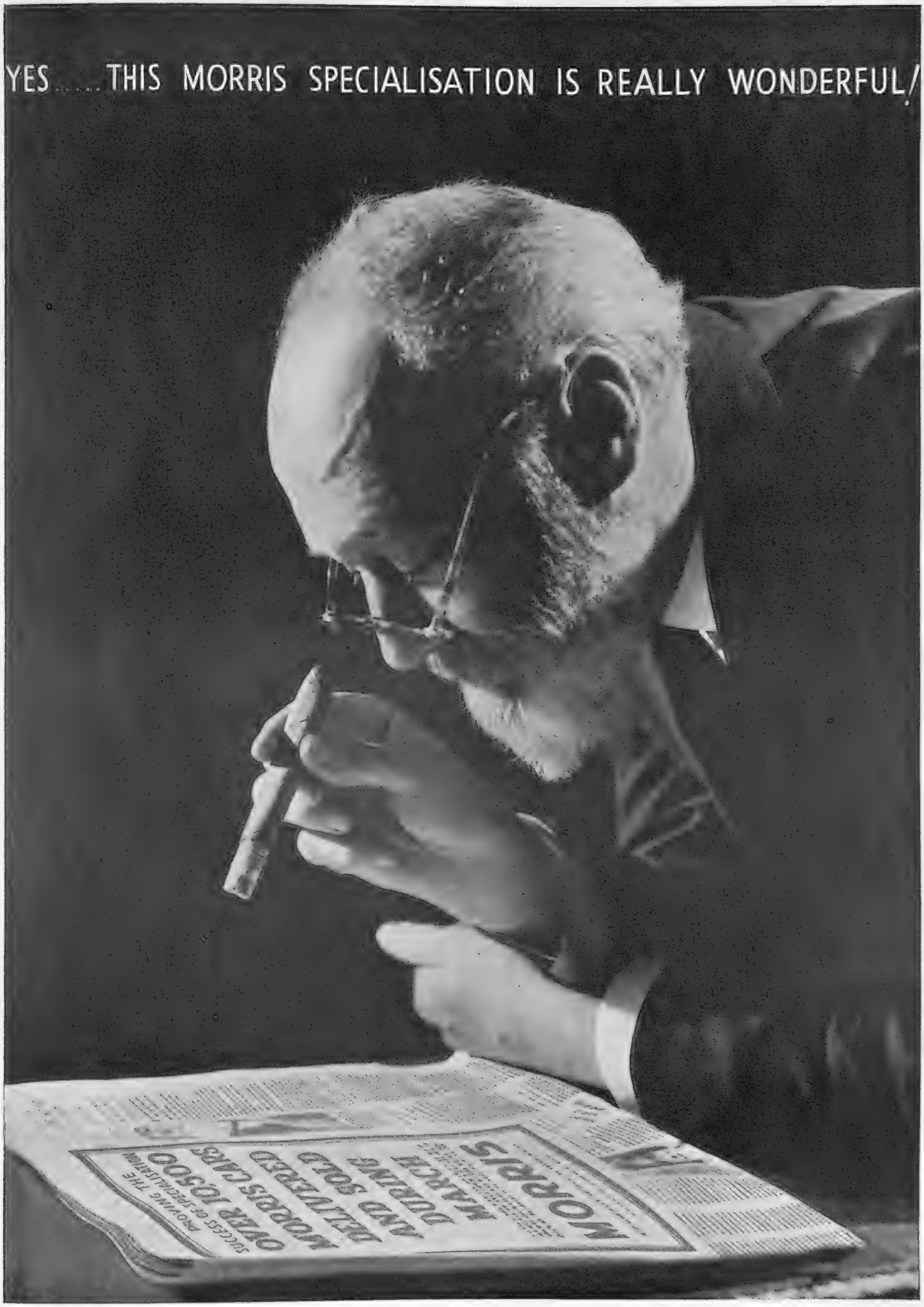
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Women's Golf:

Roundabout

By Eleanor E. Helme

Mrs. Betty Roberts-Harris

Who, after many months of illness, has become the new champion of Middlesex. Her opponent in the final was Mrs. Fleming. The competition was played at Pinner Hill

Mrs. Fane and Miss Phyllis Wade

Miss Phyllis Wade (r.), English Champion, who beat Mrs. Fane (l.), a constant "Bystander" spoon winner, in the Hampshire Championship, and then went on to win the whole event

Miss Brenda Norris, Mrs. Patrick Murray and Miss Valerie Black

Competitors in the Sussex Championship. Miss Norris, who was a Girls' Championship semi-finalist last year, was beaten at the nineteenth in the semi-final of the Sussex Championship

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ANOTHER week of hither and thither, and even now, in spite of the hundreds of miles I have motored, I could not be at three events which I should dearly have loved to see—the Ayrshire Championship at Barassie; the Yorkshire at Hawksworth (officially called Bradford); and the Veterans' at Ranelagh. County championships take on a new importance when reigning champions play in them, and at Barassie there was the Open, as well as the Scottish, in the field—only "field" is all the wrong word for seaside links. Very suitably, both survived to the final, and there Mrs. Holm won by 5 and 4. It seems that Miss Baird's usually impeccable short game was not at its very best, but Mrs. Holm's figures were very near perfection—37 out, and one over fours for the rest of the holes. Ayrshire is a hot-bed of talent; two of the players who are under invitation for internationals went out in it: Mrs. J. B. Walker and Mrs. Greenless, whom Miss Jean McCulloch beat soundly. It must all have been extremely exciting. Then Yorkshire; surprises all round, for Miss Mary Johnson, beyond doubt the best Yorkshire golfer for many years, did not even qualify. The one honour went to Mrs. Rhodes, of Harrogate, a constant BYSTANDER spoon winner, and the other to Miss Kathleen Platts, of Headingly, who beat Miss Johnson 3 and 2 in the final, by virtue of a wonderful short game.

Whilst up North there is the Northern and Northumberland Champion, Mrs. Hugh Percy, to congratulate on winning the Northumberland again at Gosforth Park; that makes her fourth win in succession, and eighth in all, a feat beside which even Mrs. Allan Macbeth's fifth win of the Cheshire sinks into comparative tameness. Moving South by degrees, we arrive at Lincolnshire, where Mrs. Sparrow, on her home course of Seacroft, held on to that title; at Walmley, Miss Enid Pears, the Girls' Championship runner-up in 1933, also on her home course, held on, though she had to play thirty-eight holes to beat Mrs. Peppercorn.

The girls, in fact, past and present, are doing great things this year, for Mrs. Adams's opponent in the final of the Bucks Championship, played at Stoke Poges, was Miss Sonia Johnson, who is but fifteen, and she only lost at the 20th hole. This young sister of Norah Swinburne Johnson has come on by leaps and bounds since this time last year, when she was rather diffident about even playing in the Girls'; she will have no need to feel timid when September 4th, 1935 comes along.

IT is not so very long—five years, to be exact—since Miss Betty Roberts-Harris was supposed to be going to win the Girls'. Since then she has spent a most uncomfortable amount of time being extremely ill. But now she has come right into her own by winning the Middlesex Championship. And she must be tough as well as a good golfer to do that, for Pinner Hill is as strenuous a course as ever I set foot on. Lovely, yes; I did not know that such glorious, unspoilt views could still be found only fifteen miles north of London; such fine trees, with all sorts of nice birds in them. But down the hills you go, and up them again, with scarcely a hole, even from those L.G.U. tees, where any woman can get up in two shots, much less take an iron for her second. Accordingly, Mrs. Fleming could not reap the benefit of the extra length she has over Miss Roberts-Harris, though that would not have mattered in the final if she could have pitched and putted better.

MISS ROBERTS-HARRIS could not quite pull off her first county match at the top of the Middlesex team, but she put up a real good fight against Mrs. V. G. Davies, and her being above them all gave all the others of the team better chance to win theirs. Five of them took it, though Mrs. Fleming only won at the 19th from Miss Brenda Norris (a Girls' semi-finalist of last year), and had to get three birdie fours all in a row to do it, Miss Norris having arrived at dormy two. It would have helped Hampshire and Surrey, Kent and themselves, not a little if Sussex could have won that match at Ashford Manor, but anything may still happen—will have happened, in fact, by the time this letter sees daylight.

BETWEEN Pinner and Ashford, I was at Liphook for the Hampshire Championship, where Miss Phyllis Wade did what was right and proper for the English Champion to do in winning. She did not have the full satisfaction of doing her own execution of the holder, Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Miss Rosamund Morgan performing that office for her on the last hole in one semi-final; but she won all her matches by convincing margins, and played really first-class golf. Her 9 and 8 win over 36 holes from Miss Morgan was bigger than seemed likely before the match started, considerably less than looked probable at the distressing moment when she went in to lunch 10 up. Liphook greens are very lovely, but there are a great many slopes which not only repay careful study, but pay out anybody who does not give it. Miss Morgan does not appear to be a thoughtful putter, and did not in the least do herself justice; but few do in their first championship final; to have arrived there at all, especially over the dead body, so to speak, of the holder, was enough glory.

OPEN MIXED FOURSOMES at West Sussex were one long triumph for a Worthing couple, Miss Joan Horrell and Mr. D. Grant-White, to whom she is engaged. They won the morning medal round, scratch and handicap, with 78—2=76; and the afternoon bogey, point scoring, with 38+2=40 points. If you haven't met point scoring, let me introduce you to a splendid variation of the game another time, and merely tell you now that the pair were round in 73. Great going!

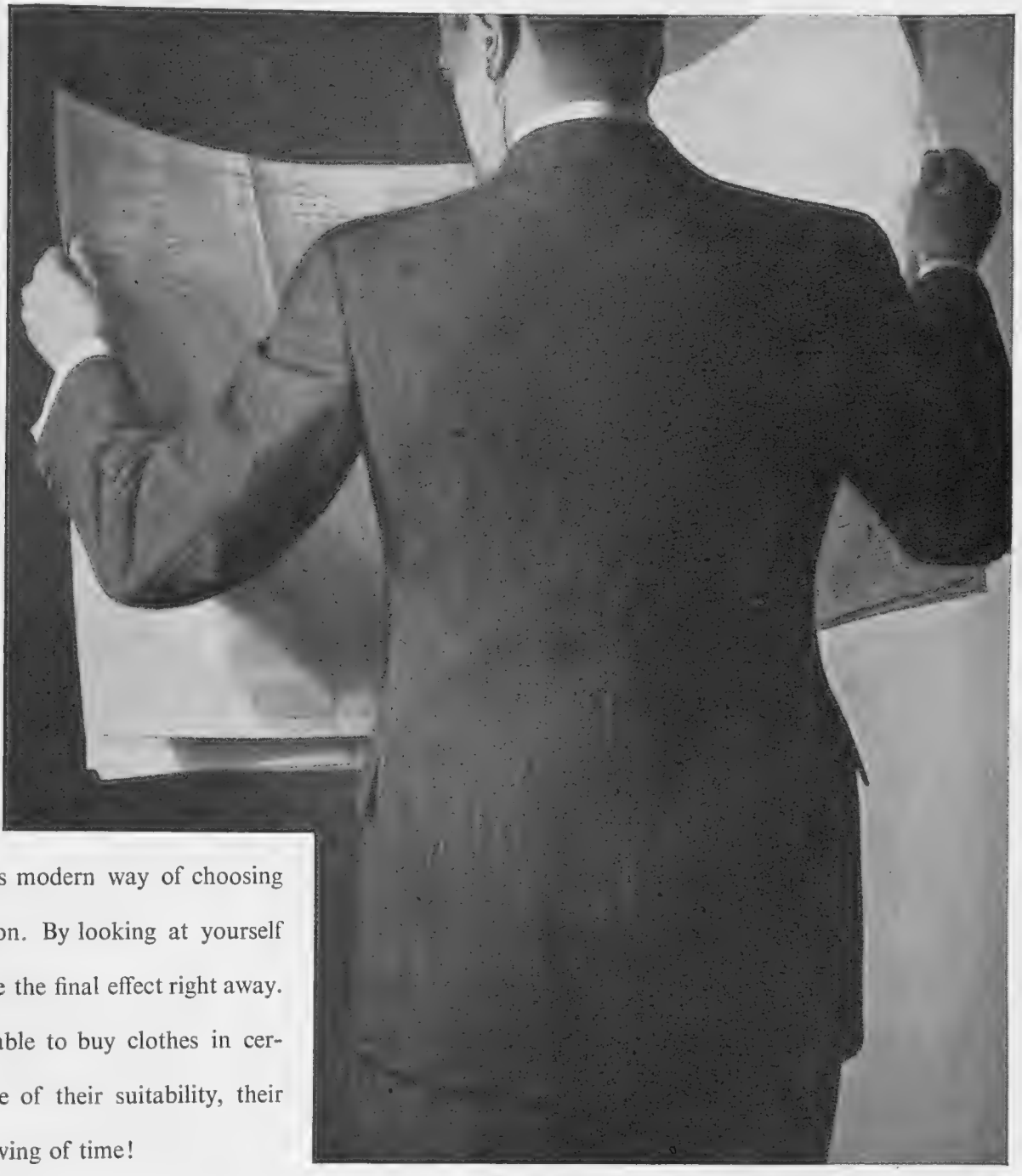
RANELAGH and the Veterans' Championship simply could not be fitted in, dearly as I should have like to see it. Mrs. Hugh Smith must have played extremely well to beat the holder in one semi-final, and Mrs. Bland in the final; while the latter's sixteen holes in 64 in the other semi-final, to beat Mrs. Ernest Hill 3 and 2, was just about as good as the Veterans have ever seen.

SUCH a delightful occasion as their dinner was that evening. I did get there, and am sure I laughed sufficiently over the witty speeches, particularly Miss Stringer's, to have put on all the pounds' weight which Pinner's hills had taken off earlier in the week. It must be great fun to be a Veteran, and we others thoroughly appreciate being allowed to share in it once a year round the dinner-table.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

SAVING TIME AND SAVING DOUBT



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Fly to the Casino

By Charles Ward

Left: Speed with comfort. The Fokker F.22, several of which have been bought by the Royal Dutch Air Lines for their European services. It seats twenty-two passengers in four compartments, and has a maximum speed of 190 miles an hour

More Summer Services by Air

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS announce Sunday excursions to Le Touquet! The fare is £3 15s. return, including entrance to and tea at the Casino, with dinner in the air on the way home. Services are operated with the Handley-Page or Short liners, the same as are used on the Paris route. Departures are at 9 a.m. from Victoria, 9.45 Croydon, and passengers are brought back to the terminus at Victoria by ten minutes to ten at night. The service will operate from June 9th to September 15th inclusive. Another Sunshine Service has been started—from London to Guernsey, with calls at Portsmouth and Bournemouth en route. It is operated with Airspeed "Envoys" by Cobham Air Routes, a new company that has been formed by Sir Alan Cobham. Fares from London are 65s. to Guernsey, 30s. to Bournemouth, and 24s. 6d. to the Isle of Wight by a connection at Portsmouth. Air France gives us a direct line to Madrid via Paris, with a short stop at Bordeaux. Holiday travellers for Majorca and Algiers are offered a daily service, with an overnight stop in Paris—hotel included in the fare—outward bound, and through in a day on the way home.

More About the "Flea"

THE "Flying Flea," having created somewhat of a stir in France, is about to fly in England. At an aerodrome not thirty miles from London, one of these aerial irritants is nearly ready for the air test. At Heston, another is under construction, and will shortly be awaiting an engine, which is being imported from France. Meanwhile, the Air League, which has centralised most of the interest in the "Flea" over here, has given an order to a firm of cabinet-makers to build the airframe in parts, and it expects delivery in a month. I think it is optimistic to expect the cost to be as low as £100—say £150, and this would be nearer a true estimate. Before the "Flea" can be of general use, a specification has to be approved by the Air Ministry. Although this will not involve stringent tests of each machine built, it will entail building the 'plane of approved materials, getting it passed by an inspector and possibly flown by a licensed pilot. Unless the 'plane is to be confined to flying within three miles of an approved landing-place, one whose situation is away from densely-populated areas, it may be necessary for amateur constructors to buy their parts ready made, otherwise the

(*Continued on page* vi)

She's Always a Favourite

AT the races or at home she's always a favourite; deliciously slim, with a lovely clear skin, and eyes sparkling with health—and it's all due to that morning glass of Kutnow's.

Kutnow's powder is a pleasant saline which breaks up and eliminates surplus fat and ensures a daily clearance of waste food products from the system.

Half-an-hour before breakfast tell your maid to bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessert-spoonful of Kutnow's in it, stir briskly and drink it off. Make this a morning habit and you'll make sure of keeping slim, active and youthful, and having a figure which is the envy of all.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS. HOME PRICE 2/9.

We all agree with Will Hay in his last answer at any rate. Eastern England is surpassingly rich in beautiful mediæval remains . . . the Abbeys of Fountains, Rievaulx, Jervaulx, Byland, Crowland and many others. They stand amid lovely scenery and it would be difficult to think of a more fascinating holiday than to visit these exquisite memorials of an age that is past.

L·N·E·R The Holiday Handbook with tariffs of hotels, boarding houses, and apartments, from L·N·E·R offices, station bookstalls and booksellers. Price 6d.

"What, another one? Is all Yorkshire in ruins?"
"What's that, Yorkshire ruined. Who's out?"
"No, no, *this* is a ruin."
"Who's ruined?"
"Nobody's ruined, you fool."
"Where's the roof?"
"What roof?"
"The ruin's roof."
"Ruins haven't roofs."
"Why not?"
"Because they wouldn't be ruins if they had."
"Who lives here?"
"The monks used to live here."
"Monks! Is it a Zoo?"
"No, no, no, not those monks."
"Well, you said monks."
"Shut up!"
"A bit draughty, isn't it? Who did you say lives here?"
"Nobody."
"I don't blame 'em."
"Who?"
"Nobody." "Why don't they pull it down?"
"My boy, a sensible person would never ask such a foolish question"

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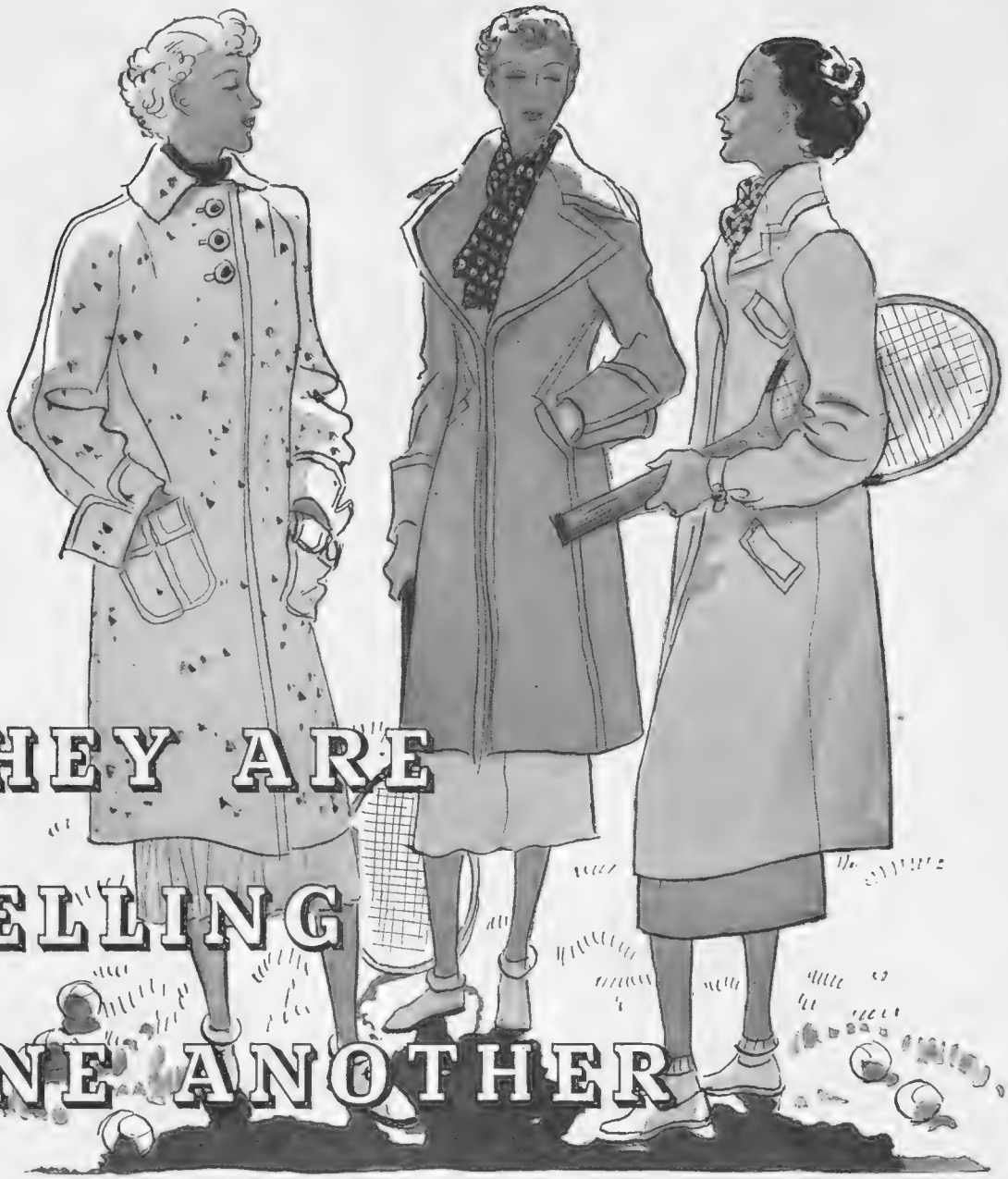

THEY ARE TELLING ONE ANOTHER

EACH **5 GNS**

about the **1935** *Jaeger Tennis Coats*

how useful they are—how light and elegant—coats that go with such a swing on the tennis-court, and are so much admired, that one is tempted to wear them on many different occasions during the summer; for everywhere they have the same success. A swagger coat in pale tweed with sloping pockets and welted seams finds much to admire in its waisted wide-revered rival (also in tweed) and both models acknowledge the charm of a coat cut on the lines of a masculine ulster with four dashing pockets to complete the effect.

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★ *There are Jaeger Agents in Every Town* ★

A snapshot taken in the Dragon "Rapide" owned by Viscount Furness, whose pilot is Dan Cameron. The 'plane is similar to those owned by the Prince of Wales, and is fitted out for four passengers, with occasional seats for two extra people on short journeys. Two Gipsy Six engines give it a speed of 150 miles an hour

(Continued from page iv)

supervision of workmanship will be difficult and expensive. The "Pou du Ciel," to give it its baptismal name, has a speed range from 25 to 60 miles an hour. Its designer, M. Mignet, estimates its cost to fly at 1d. per mile. This is not cheap in comparison with a Moth, which carries two people and luggage at twice the speed, but it does offer cheaper flying than is possible to obtain with any existing aircraft. For this reason, its development and that of other midget 'planes is to be encouraged, so that people keen on the air who cannot afford present-day rates can get some real experience.

Events Aloft

THE first outdoor event of the season, the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden-Party, was a pleasant reminder that the social side of flying attracts more and more people every year. It 's true that it was a marvellous day, the sun screened just sufficiently to allow the flying to be watched without strain from any angle, but the weather alone did not account for the attendance of more than 2000 guests on the day preceding the Jubilee celebration. The programme was well-chosen, the items of greatest interest being the arrival of a glider, which had been towed up to 2000 feet at Reading and soared to Hayes; also, the performance of the Klemm "Swallow," flown by Flight.-Lieut. J. B. Wilson. Its imitation of a glider, with airscrew stopped, was most impressive. Another event of a different kind was a comprehensive Air Transport issue of our technical contemporary, *The Aeroplane*. "Traffic Control" and "Building an Airport" were articles of more than passing interest. The Household Brigade Flying Club is reviving interest in night flying by holding a Display at Heston on May 29th.

At Heston

THE inaugural flights of United Airways from Heston to Blackpool went off successfully. One De Havilland "Rapide" and two "Dianas" left Heston with parties for the civic lunch at Blackpool. Lieut.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, Director-General of Civil Aviation, and the Mayor of Heston were among the passengers. Sir Philip Sassoon travelled up separately in a Service aeroplane. Three serving officers of the R.A.F. returned recently from a 2000-mile flying tour, which occupied a week, and took them through six countries. The interesting point about this tour is that they flew in formation, piloting a "Puss," a "Leopard," and a "Commodore," all from Air Hire, Ltd. Air Commerce are now flying for Gracie Fields' new picture, *Look Up and Laugh*. The photographer, the same who made the flying photographs for *Hell's Angels*, will take pictures of the ground coming up at him in a series of vertical dives on various subjects, and he has already nearly been frozen, together with the pilot, when they chased a fine cloud formation up to 10,000 feet without waiting to put on coats or gloves.

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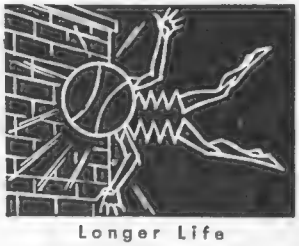
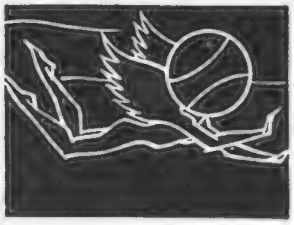
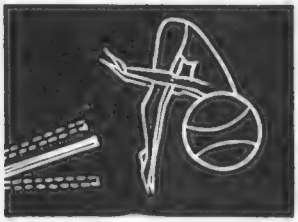


Longer Life



No Floating



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FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

Player's Please

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC 210A

H. M. the King on the Turf *(Continued from page 277)*

wonderful chance of winning a classic, and the whole racing world was thrilled with the idea; but here was Scuttle deliberately refusing to have anything to do with the race.

No one can have envied Captain Allison his job of starting the field, but at length the King's filly condescended to face the right way, and up flew the tapes. Scuttle, however, had not quite finished her antics, and as the tapes went up she endeavoured to whip round. Fortunately, Joe Childs was able to prevent this calamity, but she lost a length or two.

From the moment she started, however, no horse could have raced more gallantly. Beautifully handled by Childs, she gradually made up her lost ground, and by the time the field reached the Dip, she was with the leaders, and it was obvious that she had her race won. She went on to win by one-and-a-half lengths from Jurisdiction, with Toboggan, who was still backward, many lengths away, third.

Newmarket is one of the least emotional places in the world. Large sums are won and lost without so much as the blink of an eyelid, and a demonstration of enthusiasm is usually regarded as very poor form.

The cheer, therefore, which greeted Scuttle's victory was all the more remarkable; even the most pompous people went crazy with delight, and the cheering would have done credit to Epsom.

The above is the story of his Majesty's only classic victory. Scuttle went on to Epsom, and naturally started a hot favourite for the Oaks, but here she caught a tartar in Lord Derby's filly Toboggan, probably just about the best-staying filly we have seen since the war, and the dam of Bobsleigh. Toboggan led from end to end, and gamely as Scuttle ran, she could never get near her, though she beat the remainder of the field by six lengths.

One of the most remarkable horses owned by the King was Friar Marcus, who, as a two-year-old in 1914, was unbeaten, winning five races, including the Middle Park Plate. High hopes were held out that he would win a classic race, but, as so often happens in the case of a very brilliant two-year-old, he afterwards failed to stay, though he remained a great sprinter.

When he was retired to the stud, Friar Marcus proved a great success, and his offspring are still winning races. Although Friar Marcus has now reached the advanced age of twenty-three, Brigadier-General Tomkinson told me only last week that the old horse was still hale and hearty.

The best horse to carry the royal colours in recent years was Limelight, who won two races at Ascot, the Jersey Stakes in 1932, and the Hardwicke Stakes in 1933. In the latter race, Joe Childs rode one of the greatest races of his career, holding his mount up for one run, and then riding a great finish to win by a neck. It was one of the most perfectly timed efforts I have ever seen. The display of enthusiasm after this victory was tremendous, and Childs and Limelight were mobbed on their way to the unsaddling enclosure.

Limelight started his victorious career by winning the Prince of Wales's Nursery at Doncaster. This race is run over a mile, and is a big test of stamina for a two-year-old. Limelight, however, was a hardy sort, and the race left no ill-effects. Limelight's other victories included the Duke of York's Handicap at Kempton.

A very good middle-distance horse was Weathervane, who won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot in 1923. He was ridden by the fifteen-year-old Ingham, who has now got too heavy to ride on the flat, but on that occasion rode at 6 st. 12 lb. It was a proud day for a little boy who was still attending school, and who had just been apprenticed to Stanley Wootton. The following year, Weathervane was narrowly beaten in the same race by Dinkie.

Other good horses owned by the King to win at Ascot were Knight of the Garter, who won the Coventry Stakes, and Aloysia, who won the Queen Mary Stakes; while at Goodwood he has won races with The Abbot and London Cry, who won the Goodwood Stakes in 1924, being ridden by the American jockey George Archibald.

Last year we saw the royal colours concerned in a thrilling race at Epsom, in which The Abbot, ridden by Gordon Richards, dead-heated with Jim Thomas, owned by Stanley Wootton, for the Nonsuch Plate.

The more races the King wins, the better it is for racing. It is the fervent hope of us all that he will one day in the not-far-distant future win the Derby. What a day that will be! His Majesty has no more loyal subjects than the great army of race-goers, and we dearly want to see him win the greatest race in the world. Q. G.

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"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — April Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for the last places; if there should be a further tie, the card played on the course with the highest scratch score wins.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Roelvink	Moor Park	82	13	69	75	6 below
Mrs. A. C. Johnston	Camberley Heath	73	3	70	75	5 ,,
Mrs. Vernon Norbury	Formby	78	10	68	73	5 ,,
Miss W. M. Berry	Ormskirk	75	4	71	75	4 ,,
Mrs. G. Watson	Irvine	87	14	73	77	4 ,,
Miss M. Tranton	Lymm	82	16	66	70	4 ,,
Mrs. Percy Reed	Ashburnham	87	17	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. Tolley	Oakdale	87	14	73	76	3 ,,
Miss J. Lister	Huddersfield	87	12	75	77	2 ,,
Mrs. C. Sutcliffe	Huddersfield	89	14	75	77	2 ,,
Mrs. Wilcock	Oakdale	88	14	74	76	2 ,,
Miss M. Mulcaster	Prestbury and Upton	90	16	74	76	2 ,,
Mrs. King	Camberley Heath	78	4	74	75	1 ,,
Mrs. J. O. Fane	Basingstoke	81	8	73	74	1 ,,
Mrs. Russell	North Hants	87	14	73	74	1 ,,
Miss E. A. Lawrenson	Hillside	89	15	74	75	1 ,,
Miss Barbara Lees	Huddersfield	81	4	77	77	All square
Mrs. E. Swinscoe	Ganton	80	4	76	76	,, ,,
Miss Gibbons	Camberley Heath	79	4	75	75	,, ,,
Miss N. Hunt	Hillside	84	9	75	75	,, ,,
Mrs. Barbour	Birkdale	81	4	77	76	1 above
Mrs. Nelson	Preston	88	14	74	73	1 ,,
Mrs. A. Musgrave	West Bradford	88	16	72	71	1 ,,
Miss M. Wall	Weston-super-Mare	81	4	77	75	2 ,,
Miss M. M. Wishart	Irvine	87	8	79	77	2 ,,
Mrs. Ambrose	Camberley Heath	91	14	77	75	2 ,,
Miss E. Scott	West Bradford	90	17	73	71	2 ,,
Mrs. C. M. Mitchell	Sandwell Park	92	16	76	73	3 ,,
Miss Hornsey	Hockley	91	16	75	72	3 ,,

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. K. McGhee	Oakdale	101	35	66	76	10 ,,
Miss J. Watson	Goodwood	101	36	65	74	9 ,,
Mrs. Hoare	Exmouth	90	28	62	71	9 ,,
Mrs. C. O. Williams	Shrewsbury	88	21	67	75	8 ,,
Mrs. F. W. Fargus	Beverley and E. Riding	89	25	64	72	8 ,,
Mrs. D'Arcy Benson	Woodbridge	95	27	68	76	8 ,,
Mrs. Henderson	Exmouth	95	31	64	71	7 ,,
Mrs. Watson	Beverley and E. Riding	99	34	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. Pearson	Beverley and E. Riding	101	36	65	72	7 ,,
Mrs. J. C. Taylor	Hesketh	102	34	68	74	6 ,,
Mrs. Innes	Exmouth	99	33	66	71	5 ,,
Mrs. J. Robinson	Freshfield	101	34	67	72	5 ,,
Mrs. D. M. Davies	Ashburnham	90	20	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. C. P. Leonard	Jodhpur	92	25	67	71	4 ,,
Mrs. Saveker	Bloxwich	99	30	69	73	4 ,,
Miss N. Macgillycuddy	North Hants	101	31	70	74	4 ,,
Miss M. Bayliss	Goodwood	106	36	70	74	4 ,,
Mrs. V. Davies	Bloxwich	98	22	76	73	3 ,,
Miss A. MacIver	Hockley	92	23	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. D. Hancock	Coxmoor	95	26	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. A. E. R. Gilligan	Goodwood	105	34	71	74	3 ,,
Miss A. G. Hickson	Beverley and E. Riding	105	36	69	72	3 ,,
Mrs. A. W. Broers	Calcutta	98	27	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. L. Kershaw	West Bradford	97	28	69	71	2 ,,
Mrs. M. H. King	Jodhpur	97	28	69	71	2 ,,
Miss Wilmot	Eastbourne Downs	98	29	69	71	2 ,,
Mrs. F. Law	Calcutta	103	32	71	73	2 ,,
Mrs. D. J. Blake	Gullane	108	33	75	77	2 ,,
Mrs. Pattinson	West Bradford	93	23	70	71	1 ,,
Mrs. Tutt	Hockley	99	28	71	72	1 ,,

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Address .....

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The "Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

(12th Year)

at Moray G.C. (Lossiemouth), JUNE 4 to 7, 1935

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Entries close Thursday, May 16th. Enter NOW

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, May 16th.

MORAY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Thursday, May 16th, 1935. The "BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Moray, June 4th, 1935, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....

of .....*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone No.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Moray with

Mrs. / *Miss* } .....

of .....*Club. L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone No.....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after May 31st to her at Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth. Telephone: 11 Lossiemouth.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *Stotfield Hotel, Lossiemouth* (adjoining the club-house), where the special terms for competitors will be 12s. per day inclusive of full board, baths, afternoon tea, and after-dinner coffee.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at Moray on June 4th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Golf Championship

The Girls' Championship has been changed from September 11th to the preceding week, and will therefore be played at Stoke Poges, September 4th, 5th and 6th. Open to all girls of any nationality who will be under 19 years of age on September 6th. Entry form will appear in Bystander, July 24th.

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CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AUSTRIA

Badgastein.— "Der Kaiserhof." — The world's most radio-active thermal springs. The Ht'l. of dis., com. serv. Unrivalled pos.

BELGIUM.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique.—150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park, Garage, Tennis. R.A.C. From 12/6.

FRANCE.

Paris. — Hotel Castille.—37, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries). Ev. comft., priv. gdn., Amer. bar. Rm. fr. Frs. 25. Pens. fr. Frs. 50.

Paris. — Hotel Lutetia. — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from 25 Frs.

Antibes, A.M.—Grand Hotel du Cap.—The world's famous summer resort. All water sports. Apply for booklet.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Spend Summer at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Juan - les - Pins. — Les Ambassadeurs.—Facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone. Moderate terms.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.)—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opp. swim. pool. 1st class. Residential hotel, same managem't Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Royat. — Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin. — Hotel Alhambra. — Best quiet position at 68, Kurfürstendamm. Each room priv. bath, wireless, telephone. From RM.8.

Baden-Baden.— Hotel Atlantic.— Lichtentaler Allee. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM. 9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 4. Pen. fr. RM. 10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes). Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM. 9.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M.9 up.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

GERMANY—*continued*

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Nr. Ther. bths. Evry. com. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Htl. Prince of Wales.—Fam. htl. pref. by Englishmen. All mod. comf. Mod. prices, excel. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim. — The Carlton. — Strictly First-class, old-fashioned. Facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim. Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden fac'g baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pens. fr. RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bühlerhöhe Blk. Forest.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.), nr. Baden-Baden. Kurhaus & San. All cure fac. diets, rest cures. All sports. Pen. fr. M.11.

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden—Hotel Bellevue—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk.Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Lead. htl., r. fr. 5 RM. r., w. bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—Hotel Excelsior.— Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg. — Reichspost Hotel. — Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—Two min. fr. Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Pk. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from 4 RM.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich. — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

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SEE THE

CONTINENT

for yourself!

THERE'S so much to amuse and interest you in a Continental holiday.

The revaluation of Belgian currency will make a holiday in that country more inexpensive for British visitors.

What a gorgeous chance to visit lively Ostend, and those numerous Coast resorts with their miles of golden sands, stretching right along the Belgian Seaboard and linking up with Malo-les-Bains, Wimereux, Le Touquet, Deauville, Dinard and the Brittany Coast.

The very names conjure up visions of gay casinos, bathing in warm sunny seas, and sport of all kinds.

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There are Cheap Tickets to Belgium and France for varying periods.

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DOVER - - - OSTEND		HARWICH - - FLUSHING	
FOLKESTONE - BOULOGNE		HARWICH - - ANTWERP	
FOLKESTONE - DUNKERQUE		HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE	
NEWHAVEN - - DIEPPE		HARWICH - - ESBJERG	
SOUTHAMPTON - HAVRE		GRIMSBY - - HAMBURG	
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CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family-house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin. Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Viktoria. — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First-class, homelike. Full Pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.— Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronized by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Gr'd Htl. Kaiserhof.—300 beds. First class, in quietest pos. in own large park. Thermal water, Swim.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—Wld. renwd. Fin. pos. opp. pk. & Op'r. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. by best Brit. Soc. Pens. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Baveno—(Lago Maggiore)—Hotel Bellevue—The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. Terms.

ITALY—*continued.*

Bellagio (the Wonderland).—**Hotel Grande Bretagna.**—The maximum of comfort and distinction with most moderate terms.

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Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois.)— On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—La Residence.—First-cl. Res. All comf. Spl. Roof gdn. Ten. Open-air Rest'nt. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pen. fr. 10 Frs.

Geneva. — Hotel Richemond. — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

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Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comf. Rms. from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. Frs. 8. Pen. fr. Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Htl.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. Comft. Golf, Tennis. Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Zurich - Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel.— 1,900 ft. Golf in front of Hotel—Wonderful view—Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

June Thornycroft

Is the younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Thornycroft, of 5, Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, and is engaged to Charles Romer Lee, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Romer Lee, of Barrow Court, Galhampton, Somerset

Tunbridge

Geraldine Lucas-Scudamore

Is the daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. Lucas-Scudamore, of Kentchurch Court, Herts, and is engaged to Colonel Charles Allfrey, D.S.O., M.C., R.A., son of Captain Henry Allfrey, of Hemmingford, Stratford-on-Avon

Bassano

Harris—Williamson

Reginald W. Harris, son of Mrs. J. W. Harris, of Oulton Cross, Stone, and Grace Williamson, daughter of Mrs. J. T. Williamson, of the Manor House, Cannock, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly, with the Hon. Moira Macdermott and Kathleen Clegg as bridesmaids, and Professor Antonio Lucerda as best man

Bassano

Loetitia Hibbert

Is to marry Norman Grimston, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Grimston, of Nutfield, Surrey, at St. Luke's, Chelsea, on July 3. She lives at 12, Lower Sloane Street, and is the daughter of the late Mrs. M. A. Hibbert

Stuart Hamilton

Winifred Reed

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Reed, of the Tudors, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, and is engaged to John Douglas Barron, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Barron. She is playing in "Barnet's Folly," under her stage name, Jane Morwood

Holmes—Phipps

Lieut. John Holmes, R.N., son of the late Rev. F. R. Holmes, and Mrs. Holmes, of 9, Penywern Court, S.W.5, and Ann Phipps, only daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Phipps, of 21, Carlyle Square, S.W.3, had a naval wedding at Chelsea Old Church

Lenare

Diana Fulton

Is engaged to Charles Carlon Markes, Lancashire Fusiliers, son of the late Major J. Carlon Markes; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fulton, of 25, Courtfield Road, S.W.5

Tunbridge

Joan Mary Brightman

Is engaged to Arnold Adrian (Jimmy) Jarvis, son of Sir John and Lady Jarvis, of Hascombe Court, Godalming, Surrey; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Brightman, of Farnham Lodge, Frognal Lane, Hampstead

Dunphie—Gemmell

Geoffrey Peter Dunphie, R.H.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dunphie, of Rotherfield Greys, Oxon, and Mary Stewart Gemmell, only daughter of the late Colonel W. A. Stewart Gemmell, and Mrs. Stewart Gemmell, of Peatling Hall, Leicestershire, had an R.H.A. guard of honour after their wedding at St. Andrew's, Peatling Parva

Naylor — Holt

Thomas Humphrey Naylor, of the Old Vicarage, Eastham, Cheshire, and Dorothy Durning Holt, youngest daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Holt, of Liverpool, and Abernethy Forest, Inverness-shire, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Milner — Belsham

George Mordaunt Milner, son of the late Brig.-General George Milner, and Mrs. Milner, of Sunningdale, and Barbara Belsham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Belsham, of Hunstanton, Norfolk, and granddaughter of Sir E. Lycett Green, were married at St. Mary's, Hunstanton

Wright — Madocks

Lieut.-Com. L. A. H. Wright, only son of C. W. Wright, of Saxelbye Park, Melton Mowbray, and Juliet Ann Madocks, of Glanywern Hall, Denbigh, daughter of Brig.-General W. Madocks, of Old Basing Hall, Basingstoke, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Stephens — Bellamy

Philip Mark Stephens, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Highfield, Sutton, Surrey, and Morwenna Bellamy daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy, of Willapark, Tintagel, Cornwall, were married at Minster, Boscastle, Cornwall

Salter — de Coetlogon

Lieut.-Com. Jocelyn S. C. Salter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Salter, of Rye House, Walton-on-Thames, and Joan de Coetlogon, daughter of the late Rev. C. E. C. de Coetlogon, and Mrs. de Coetlogon, of Embleton, Northumberland, and niece of the late Lord Grey of Fallodon, were married at Holy Trinity, Embleton

Radford — Powell

Captain Walter Buckley Radford, King's Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Radford, of 33, Pembridge Square, W., and Elizabeth Powell, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. L. Powell, of the Crossways, Sheringham, Norfolk, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Sugden — Robinson

Richard Sugden, son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Sugden, of Brighouse, Yorks, and Judith Robinson, youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ernest Robinson, of Heddon Hall, Northumberland, were married at St. Andrew's, Heddon-on-the-Wall

Pitman — Low

Ian R. Pitman, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Pitman, of the Corner House, Gullane, East Lothian, and nephew of Lord Pitman, and Helen Low, daughter of Mr. Low, of Kilbrandon House, Isle of Seil, Argyll, were married at St. John, Princes Street, Edinburgh

Manton — Stuart

Lieut. L. F. Manton, R.N., son of Lieut.-Colonel L. Manton, of Longmoor Camp, and Ann Stuart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur N. Stuart, of 18, Sloane Gardens, and Chuck Hatch, Hartfield, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—Victorian sentiment given flavour by Haidée Wright's performance as the autocratic old Duchess who treats her family as children and chattels: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—If quarrels amuse you, go see Lilian Braithwaite's grandmother and Athene Seyler's dithering aunt in Gertrude Jennings' family comedy: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—The play in its entirety is to be done three times a week: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.), Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd 's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE MIRACLE MAN.—Seymour Hicks as the backer of a miracle-worker, with Ellaline Terriss, Ben Greet, Margaretta Scott: Victoria Palace, 8.

THE OLD LADIES.—Hugh Walpole's story makes a strange play, of Grand Guignol grimness and horror, with brilliant acting by Edith Evans, Jean Cadell, and Mary Jerrold: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SKIN GAME.—Olga Lindo, Malcolm Keen, Arthur Wontner in the second play of the Galsworthy Festival: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STEVEDORE.—Paul Robeson is the stevedore in this American success: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play may be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—A mixture of comedy and a little tragedy, with beautiful acting by Eugénie Leontovich, and Cedric Hardwicke, Evelyn Roberts, and Allan Aynesworth all in excellent form: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—Queen Anne 's alive, poor, dear, distracted thing, as Barbara Everest plays her; Irene Vanbrugh is Sarah; the story is as human as historical: Whitehall, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond, as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

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With Music

CHARLOT'S CHAR-A-BANG!—The sketches are neat and amusing, the music is pleasant, the stars are Elsie Randolph, John Tilley, Reginald Gardiner, and Iris March—it 's a good revue: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

THE CO-OPTIMISTS.—Davy Burnaby, Albert Burdon, Harry Milton, Olive Groves, and Vera Lennox are in this revival: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANCING CITY.—A musical play with a Viennese setting; Lea Seidl as Maria Teresa, who banned the waltz, Franco Foresta as the Archduke: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLYING TRAPEZE.—A fascinating circus spectacle of décor and production, with amusing moments contributed by Jack Buchanan, Ivy St. Helier, and Fred Emney: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY MASQUERADE.—Helen Gilliland, Tom Burke, and Hugh Wakefield in a new Hungarian musical play: Princes, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Musical comedy on a large scale, with Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello as stars; a pleasant evening for the Ruritanian-minded: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—Lively, original, and good-humoured. Frances Day gives full personality value, and Arthur Riscoe is a gloomily comic foil for her: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LET 'S GO GAY.—It 's easy to go gay with them, especially the delightful Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Compère Rex Evans, Jane Carr; the wit is neat, the décor good: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 59.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SHALL WE REVERSE?—June, Robert Hale, Edward Cooper in another Charlot musical show: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—The lighting and décor and the dancing stand out for excellence; the humour is less sophisticated; Phyllis Monkman and Dorothy Dickson are the stars: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The amusing burlesque of schoolbook history has Naunton Wayne as compère, Clarice Hardwicke, Charles Heslop, Scott Sunderland, as kings and queens, Hugh E. Wright as the Common Man: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—A comedy of flirtations, with Ronald Squire, king of philanderers, Nora Swinburne, Marda Vanne: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and Hermione Baddeley and Joyce Barbour as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—Good entertainment for low-brows; Peter Haddon is as usual, Claire Luce is his wife, Martin Walker the intrusive third in this farce: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MOTLEY.—A comedy thriller with Jack Melford, Marcelle Rogez, Mabel Poulton, Raymond Lovell: Winter Garden, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Yvonne Arnaud, Frank Lawton, and Ena Burrill in a comedy by Keith Winter that 's only partly good entertainment: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—Ashley Duke's play from the German, with Jeanne de Casalis, Frank Cellier, Vivien Leigh, Baliol Holloway: Ambassadors, to-night.

MESMER.—Biography by Beverley Nichols; the cast includes Oscar Homolka, Stephen Haggard, Felix Aylmer, Peggy Ashcroft; Komisarjevsky produces: Apollo, May 16th.

HERVEY HOUSE.—An American comedy, played mainly by Gertrude Lawrence, Fay Compton, Nicholas Hannen: His Majesty's, May 17th.

ROULETTE.—Eugene Robert's production of a Monte Carlo story, with Hella Kurty, Austin Trevor, Margaret Rawlings, Nigel Patrick: Duke of York's, May 21st.

CINEMAS

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.—Jack Buchanan's musical comedy, with Lili Damita and Nancy O'Neil as decorations: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV.—Anna Sten and Fritz Kortner in a German version of the Dostoievsky classic: Academy.

BROWN ON RESOLUTION.—Betty Balfour, John Mills, and Barry Mackay and the Royal Navy star in this picture: New Gallery.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—The Hollywood Dickens film is being shown again here: Empire.

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN.—At last, Marlene Dietrich's new film; she is all Spanish, and Cesare Romero plays opposite: Plaza.

DRAKE OF ENGLAND.—World première in aid of the Jubilee Trust: Regal, May 16.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner as fascinating as ever as Gemma Jones, with Hugh Sinclair as the caddish Sanger hero: London Pavilion.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

LES MISÉRABLES.—Charles Laughton once more superb as detective Javert; Fredric March plays Jean Valjean effectively enough: Tivoli.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG KING.—Emil Jannings as Frederick the Great's father, in a fine historical film: Curzon.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney, in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre.

THE TRIUMPH OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.—Arthur Wontner and Ian Fleming as Holmes and Watson. And a Hollywood drama, MILLS OF THE GODS, with Fay Wray, Victor Jory, May Robson: Capitol.

PAGEANTRY, SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY SUMMER EXHIBITION: Burlington House.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—The Army, Navy, and Air Force's great indoor show: Olympia, twice daily.

TROOPING THE COLOUR.—Guard mounting and trooping the colour by battalion finding King's Guard for the day: Horse Guards Parade, every week-day, 9.30 a.m. (weather permitting).

PAUL MAZE.—Exhibition of drawings. Also a show of paintings by the French School: Wildenstein Galleries, Carlos Place.

OPERA AND BALLET, MUSIC, DANCING AND DINING, *and* SPORT *omitted this week owing to pressure on space.*

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at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

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3916

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DO NOT SUFFER SUFFERING CHILDREN

to remain in pain and weakness.

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138 Cots at Chelsea.

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Contributions should be addressed: D. ST. JOHN BAMFORD, Secretary.

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A Jubilee of Smiles . . . nearly four-and-a-half million suffering little lives made happier through the "Children's Guardian" in 50 years.

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Will you share in this great endeavour? 265 "Children's Men," working unceasingly in the interests of needy little ones, are saving on an average, FOUR every FIVE minutes of every working day.

Gifts welcomed by Wm. J. Elliott, Director

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Vice-Chairman: F. P. Whitbread, Esq.

Hon. Treas.: Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bart.

THINKING OF OTHERS

The "Silver Lady" Fund

Miss Betty Baxter, in obedience to an impulse to relieve distress at its very source, hit on the idea of going out in the early hours of the morning with a motor-van, dispensing food and drink, bed tickets, boots, and clothing to London's "down-and-outs." All along the Embankment she is known as the "Silver Lady," and now that the scope of her work is growing beyond the limits of her own resources, a "Silver Lady" Fund has been started. Subscriptions should be addressed to Miss Baxter, at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.

The Victoria Hospital for Children

The work of the Victoria Hospital for Children has a particular appeal at this time of the year, because there are few sadder thoughts than that many children should be ill and in pain just now, when the days are lengthening out towards summer. This hospital does an enormous amount of good to suffering childhood, both at Tite Street, Chelsea, where there are 138 cots, and at the Broadstairs seaside branch, where there are 50.

The Cancer Hospital

The Cancer Hospital (Free) is the only hospital in the country that is devoted exclusively to the treatment of patients suffering from cancer and allied diseases. It provides a hundred and fifty beds for sufferers, anybody who is too poor to pay for medical advice in the ordinary way being eligible for admission. Donations should be sent direct to the hospital, the address of which is Fulham Road, London, S.W.

Waifs and Strays

The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society has recently celebrated its jubilee, and it is to be hoped that it will always be able to continue as long as may be necessary the wonderful work for which it has been responsible in the past. Any help you can give will be most deeply appreciated, and further information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

The East End Missions

The East End Missions are just now planning to give some 17,000 slum children a day's holiday by the sea. A day's holiday seems short enough, and the cost per child small enough—it is two shillings per head. But most of them have never seen the sea, and the day will mean a great deal to them—and 17,000 times two shillings is £1700. Any help you can give towards this will earn something more than gratitude and will be a great encouragement to those who are voluntarily devoting their spare time to the work of the Missions. The address is Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

WILL you please send a special Gift to the Silver Jubilee Thanksgiving Fund for The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, and so help on its two-fold work—the treatment of patients suffering from Cancer, and Research into the causes of this dreadful disease and means for its ultimate cure.

As a memento of the occasion all gifts, large and small, will be acknowledged by a multi-coloured receipt (illustrated above), size 13″×10″, printed on ivory cards, bearing the portraits of Their Majesties The King and Queen.

Please address your gift to THE EARL OF GRANARD, THE CANCER HOSPITAL (free), FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3, marking your envelope "Silver Jubilee."

Some Charities That Need Your Help

The Alexandra Orphanage

In celebration of the Silver Jubilee it has been decided to increase the accommodation at Maitland Park, London, N.W.3, by ten beds. It will involve the orphanage in considerable extra expenditure, and this cannot be met without generous help from the public. The fact that the improvements contemplated will enable the orphange to maintain 380 fatherless and other necessitous children from all parts of the country is in itself an ample justification for them, and it is confidently hoped that the response to this appeal will be worthy of the excellence of the cause.

The Royal Surgical Aid Society

The Royal Surgical Aid Society, of which the address is Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.4, exists to meet a very real need in helping to provide surgical appliances to those whose requirements are of the utmost importance, but who, in the ordinary way, could never hope to be able to incur the expense of purchasing them. This is truly Christian work, and, in view of the inevitably heavy cost of making many types of surgical appliance, it deserves particularly sympathetic consideration.

The Church Army

The Church Army does a tremendous lot of good in a variety of ways. For instance, 2500 people have been rescued from overcrowded slum houses by its efforts and established in decent conditions. Medical Missions are constantly at work in the slums, and fresh-air homes have been established for mothers and children from overcrowded areas. Any gift you can make will be deeply appreciated, and should be addressed to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., the Hon. Chief Secretary. The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

The fight against cancer goes on ; but it is only through the unrelaxing efforts of bodies like the Imperial Cancer Research Fund that we can hope that this terrible disease will eventually be conquered. The Fund has two laboratories, at both of which a staff of highly skilled investigators are devoting their knowledge and experience to a task that is exacting and often disappointing. The address of the Fund is 8, Queen Square, W.C.1.

N.S.P.C.C.

Much has been done to minimise the scourge of cruelty—whether intentional or unwitting—to children, since this Society was founded more than forty years ago. It is not generally known, for example, that the Society has 265 inspectors stationed throughout England, Wales, and Ireland, exclusively concerned with sick and ailing children who are not receiving the treatment that their condition requires. The Central Offices of the Society are at Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Did you listen in on Sunday, May 12th, and hear the children of the Alexandra Orphanage in a Service from the School at 4.30? Here is Billy, who, with Joan, broadcast last November an Appeal for this School. They were the first children in the history of British Broadcasting to make the "Week's Good Cause" appeal. There are 380 boys and girls from all parts of the country in the School at Maitland Park, London, N.W., and since it was founded in 1758 over 7,500 have benefited. £10,000 needed annually above the assured income. Please send a gift to the Honorary Treasurer, the Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall of Chipstead, P.C., K.C.V.O., at the offices of the

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE,

34/40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

1910 – 1935 SILVER JUBILEE

How ARE YOU COMMEMORATING?

There can be few better ways of commemorating Their Majesties' Jubilee than by making a thanksgiving offering to some deserving cause. The Church Army takes pleasure in announcing that its Jubilee Fund will help to provide: A NEW HOME FOR HOMELESS MEN—A NEW HOSTEL FOR GIRLS—GRANTS FOR WORK IN POOR PARISHES—AND OTHER NEEDS.

Your "Jubilee Fund" gift will be welcomed by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

The CHURCH ARMY JUBILEE FUND

In this great season of widespread rejoicing do not forget Stepney's slum children.

Let the little ones have their share of joy.

They need holidays far more than most youngsters. Will you aid us to give **17,000** a day by the sea this summer? The cost is only **2/-** each—a small sum for so great a benefit!

The East End MISSION

Contributions should be addressed to:
The Rev. P. Ineson, Superintendent,
Stepney Central Hall, Commercial Road, London, E.1.

THE SILVER LADY

APPEALS TO YOU FOR A

SILVER JUBILEE GIFT

Her all-night Travelling Café provides hot tea and food at midnight to hundreds of homeless and hungry men and women.

Please send your gift to:—

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to the relief we give to poor persons requiring suitable surgical appliances is the urgency of their *need*.

Letters of heartfelt gratitude are received in large numbers from those we have enabled to retain or resume their work.

Since 1862 we have supplied over

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An Annual Subscription of **10s. 6d.** or a Life Subscription of **£5 5s.** entitles the Subscriber to two "Letters" each year—and so on in proportion.

ADDRESS: THE SECRETARY

Royal Surgical Aid Society

Patron: H.M. THE KING.
Head Office:
SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
Kindly mention the "Bystander" in your reply.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—**HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.**
President—**HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.**
Chairman of the Executive Committee—**SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.**
Hon. Treasurer—**SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., P.R.C.S.**
Director—**DR. J. A. MURRAY, F.R.S.**

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for cancer research, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly in the cause of suffering humanity. The whole resources are devoted to the systematic investigation of the cancer problem. The administrative cost of the Fund (Office Salaries, Advertising, Printing, Legal Expenses, etc.) amounts to only 10 per cent. of the total annual expenditure.

While the Honorary Treasurer desires to thank all those who have hitherto supported this fund, the income from investments and the Endowment fund is still insufficient to meet the annual expenditure.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8/11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or paid direct to the Westminster Bank, Ltd., Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, London, W.1. A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

1918

Something will have to be done about the architecture of this desirable property, what? Nice grounds (25 acres), wonderful gardens, Anstey's Cove set like a gem in the rugged coast; but, oh, jiminy, that roof!

Well, in seventeen years something *has* been done. In fact, everyth— no, wait: we're just completing the covered tennis courts. And what a visitors' book we've compiled! Most people of note, from Royalty downwards, have stayed here. Financiers have unbent. Famous actresses have become human. Learned judges have given their golf clubs awful sentences. Captains of industry have sobbed like little children in the hands of the swimming instructor.

Come now. Stay until our own jubilee—only another eight years. See what we've done in the last seventeen.

1935

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W. H. DAVIES

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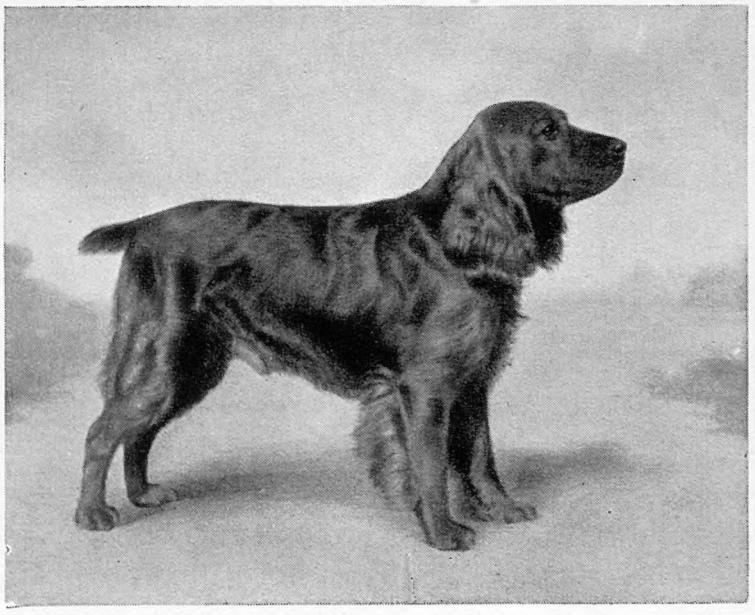

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Commencing with the JUBILEE NUMBER of May 3 the "Sporting & Dramatic" presents FREE each week a FULL COLOUR plate of a famous dog. Everybody's favourite breed will be featured in this life-like series, which every dog lover will want to collect.

Printed on art paper 12″ × 9″, these plates will form a delightful series for framing.

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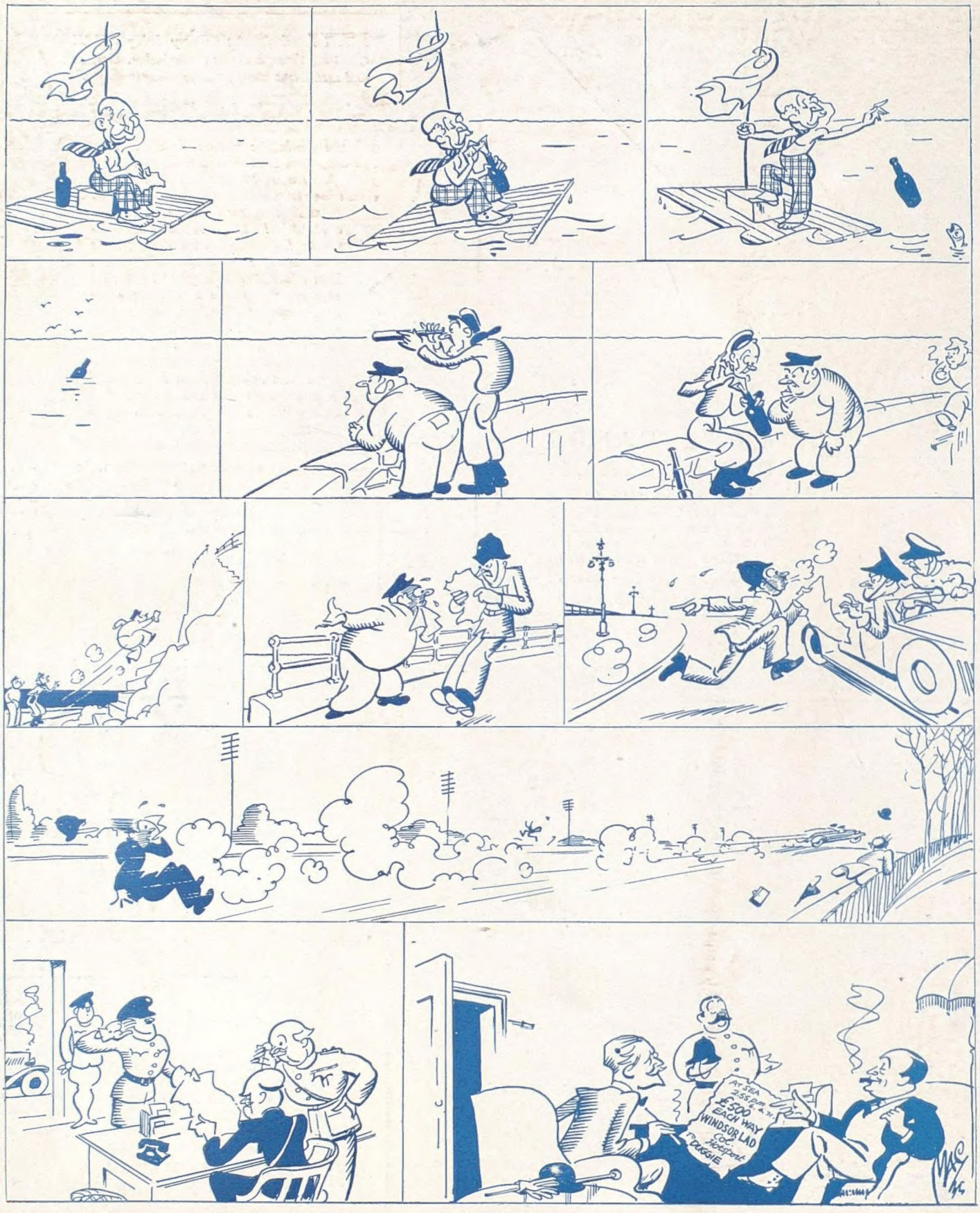

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